

John Rick 26 Wellington and

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ONE PENNY.

PLEASE TO REMEMBER THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

"Please to remember the fifth of November,
Gunpowder, treason, and plot,
I see no reason why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot."

This popular juvenile rhyme was again heard throughout the streets of the metropolis and its suburbs on Wednesday, being the anniversary of the gunpowder plot, chorussed forth by numerous parties of ragged urchins, while escorting the time-honoured effigy of Guy Fawkes from house to house, at each of which, in exchange for a view of the hero, coppers are expected, with a view to ulterior proceedings against him, when evening arrives. A very beautiful engraving appears below, illustrative of these perambulations, the truthfulness of which will be at once apparent to our readers. As a brief history of the said plot may interest many, we here give it.

James I. succeeded to the throne of England in the year 1603, and mild as this monarch was in toleration, there was a project contrived in the very beginning of his reign for the re-establishment of Popery, which, were it not a fact known to all the world, could scarcely be credited by posterity.

This was the gunpowder plot, than which a more horrid or terrible scheme never entered into the human heart to conceive.

The Roman Catholics had expected great favour and indulgence on the accession of James, both as a descendant of Mary, a rigid Papist, and also as having shown some partiality to that religion in his youth; but they soon discovered their mistake, and were at once surprised and enraged to find James, on all occasions, express his resolution of strictly executing the laws enacted against them, and of persevering in the conduct of his predecessor. This declaration determined them upon more desperate measures; and they, at length, formed a resolution of destroying the king and both houses of parliament at a blow. The scheme was first broached by Robert Catesby, a gentleman of good parts and ancient family, who conceived that a train of gunpowder might be placed under the Parliament House, so as to blow up the king and all the members at once.

How horrid soever the contrivance might appear, yet every member seemed faithful and secret in the league; and about two months before the sitting of parliament, they hired a house adjoining to that in which the parliament was to assemble in the name of Percy, a descendant of the illustrious house of Northumberland, who appears to have been gained over to the horrible plot by



PLEASE TO REMEMBER THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

Catesby. Their first intention was to bore a way under the Parliament House from that which they occupied, and they set themselves laboriously to the task; but when they had pierced the wall, which was three yards in thickness, on approaching the other side, they were surprised to find that the house was vaulted underneath, and that a magazine of coals was usually deposited there. From their disappointment on this account they were soon relieved, by information that the coals were then selling off, and that the vault would then be let to the highest bidder. They therefore, seized the opportunity of hiring the place, and bought the remaining quantity of coals, with which it was then stored, as if for their own use. The next thing done was to convey thither thirty-six barrels of gunpowder, which had been purchased in Holland; and the whole was covered with coals, and with faggots brought for that purpose. Then the doors of the cellar were boldly thrown open, and everybody admitted as if it contained nothing dangerous.

Confident of success, they now began to plan the remaining part of their project. The king, queen, and Prince Henry, the king's eldest son, were all expected to be present at the opening of parliament. The king's second son, by reason of his tender age, would be absent, and it was resolved that Percy should seize or assassinate him. The Princess Elizabeth, a child likewise, was kept at Lord Harrington's house in Warwickshire; and Sir Everard Digby was to seize her and immediately proclaim her queen.

The day for the sitting of parliament now approached. Never was treason more secret, or ruin more apparently inevitable; the hour was expected with impatience, and the conspirators gloried in their meditated guilt. The dreadful secret, though communicated to above twenty persons, had been religiously kept during the space of nearly a year and a-half; when all the motives of pity, justice, and safety were too weak, a remorse of private friendship saved the kingdom.

Sir Henry Percy, one of the conspirators, conceived a design of saving the life of Lord Montague, his intimate friend and companion, who also was of the same persuasion with himself. About ten days before the meeting of parliament, this nobleman upon his return to town, received a letter from a person unknown, and delivered by one who fled as soon as he had discharged his message. The letter was to this effect:—"My lord, stay away from this parliament; for God and man have conspired to punish the wickedness of the times. And think not slightly of this advertisement, but retire yourself into your country, where you may expect the event in safety. For though there be no appearance of any stir, yet I say they will receive a terrible blow this parliament, and yet they shall not see who hurts them. This counsel is not to be contemned, because it may do you good, and can do you no harm. For the danger is past as soon as you have burned the letter."

The contents of this mysterious letter surprised and puzzled the nobleman to whom it was addressed; and though inclined to think it a foolish attempt to affright and ridicule him, yet he judged it safest to carry it to Lord Salisbury, secretary of state. Lord Salisbury too, was inclined to give little attention to it, yet thought proper to lay it before the king in council, who came to town a few days after. None of the council were able to make anything of it, although it appeared serious and alarming. In the universal agitation between doubt and apprehension, the king was the first who penetrated the meaning of this dark epistle. He concluded that some sudden danger was preparing by gunpowder; and it was thought advisable to inspect all the vaults below the Houses of Parliament. This care belonged to the Earl of Suffolk, Lord Chamberlain, who purposely delayed the search till the day before the meeting of parliament. He remarked those great piles of faggots which lay in the vault under the House of Peers, and seized a man preparing for the terrible enterprise, dressed in a cloak and boots, and a dark lantern in his hand. This was no other than Guy Fawkes, who had just disposed every part of the train for its taking the next morning, the matches and other combustibles being found in his pockets. The whole design was now discovered, on the fifth day of November 1605, but the atrociousness of his guilt and the despair of pardon inspiring him with resolution, he told the officers of justice, with an undaunted air, that had he blown them and himself up together he had been happy. Before the council he displayed the same intrepid firmness, mixed even with scorn and disdain, refusing to discover his associates, and showing no concern for the failure of his enterprise. But his bold spirit was at length subdued: being confined to the Tower for two or three days, and the rack just shown him, his courage, fatigued with so long an effort at last failed him, and he made a full discovery of all his accomplices.

Catesby, Percy, and the conspirators who were in London, hearing that Fawkes was arrested, fled with all speed to Warwickshire, where Sir Everard Digby, relying on all the success of the plot, was already in arms. But the country soon began to take the alarm, and wherever they turned they found a superior force ready to oppose them. In this exigence, beset on all sides, they, in number about eighty, resolved to fly no farther, but make a stand at a house in Warwickshire, to defend it to the last, and sell their lives as dearly as possible. But even this miserable consolation was denied them; a spark of fire happening to fall among some gunpowder that was laid to dry, it blew up, and so continued the principal conspirators, that the survivors resolved to open the gate, and sally out against the multitude that surrounded the house. Some were instantly cut to pieces; Catesby, Percy, and Winter, standing back to back, fought long and desperately, till in the end the first two fell covered with wounds, and Winter was taken alive. Those who survived the slaughter were tried and convicted; several fell by the hands of the executioner, and others experienced the King's mercy. The Jesuits, Garnet and Oldcorn, who were privy to the plot, suffered with the rest; and, notwithstanding the atrociousness of their treason, Garnet was considered by his party as a martyr, and miracles were said to have been wrought by his blood.

The Japanese embassy left Lisbon on the 25th of October in the French transport *Rhin* for Alexandria, well pleased with their reception in Portugal.

A SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.—A few days ago two ladies, coming in the direction of Sunderland discovered that they were minus four Bank of England five-pound notes, which had been carefully wrapped in a handkerchief, and for safety carried in the hand of one of them. In haste they returned in search of their treasure, and were agreeably surprised to find the whole of the notes flying before a gentle breeze in the centre of the tar-pike-road. The handkerchief was nowhere to be seen, and it is believed that some person had found it, and, supposing its contents to be only pieces of valueless paper, had contented himself with what he considered the only thing worth having.—*Sunderland Times*.

A SHARK FOUND IN THE KENT.—On Friday afternoon last a young man of the name of Dover dragged from the river Kent, near Nether Bridge, at the southern extremity of the town, a young shark. It was found at the bottom of the river, and he drew it out of the water by means of click hooks. It measured five feet in length, from snout to tail, and was dead when taken out of the river. During Saturday it was exhibited in the Mechanics' Hall, and afterwards sold to Dr. Gough, for the Royal Museum. The shark had three rows of teeth, and had several bruises on its body. There are various conjectures as to how it got into the Kent; some think that it had been blown and frightened out of its latitude, by the late storms, into Morecambe Bay, from whence it had entered the mouth of the Kent at the head of the bay, and ascended the river, where it perished.—*Kentish Mercury*.

Notes of the Week.

On Saturday afternoon, Dr. Lankester held an inquest at the Brownlow Arms, Brownlow-street, Drury-lane, on the body of Frances Jackson, aged twenty-seven, described as a gay girl, who was found dead in bed. It appeared that the deceased (a single woman) lodged with a charwoman at No. 50, Parker-street, Drury-lane. She and her child, about twelve months old, slept in the same bed with the charwoman, the latter, owing to the illness of the mother, looking after the child. Deceased had no medical attendant, but had some medicine sent from the hospital. On the previous Monday night deceased went to bed without complaining of anything, and about three o'clock on the following morning Smith (the charwoman) woke, and found her dead by her side. Not having any candle, Smith lighted a fire with wood, and waited until the morning before she informed any of the people of the house. Mr. Bennett, the resident surgeon of St. Giles's workhouse, made a post-mortem examination, and found the body very thin and emaciated. The coroner remarked to the jury that this poor woman had drawn out a miserable existence, and her drinking habits had produced disease of the brain, and so deprived her of life. The state of her lungs, however, in time would have caused her death. Verdict—"Death from serous apoplexy by natural causes."

Whilst Colonel Lloyd, O.B., was speaking at the Music Hall at Chester on Monday evening, on the occasion of the presentation of the prizes to the Chester Volunteers, he suddenly dropped senseless from an attack of disease of the heart. Drs. Powell, Waters, and Brittain endeavoured to promote artificial respiration, but in ten minutes the gallant colonel expired.

On Saturday, Dr. Lankester held an inquest at the Dudley Arms, Harrow-road, on the body of Sarah Smith aged twenty-five, in the service of Captain Dashwood, 3, Westbourne-street, Westbourne-terrace. Captain Dashwood stated that on the previous Wednesday morning, having rung his bell three times for hot water, he went out on the landing, near which was the cistern, and was astonished to find the place overflowed with water, and a woman's apparel floating on it. He raised an alarm, and the body of the deceased was found in a nude state, and quite dead. She had undressed, and then drowned herself in the cistern, which being full accounted for the overflow of water. Mr. Eardley, surgeon, of Charles-street, proved death to have been caused by suffocation from drowning. No cause could be assigned for the act. Verdict—"Suicide, whilst in an unsound state of mind."

On Saturday, intelligence was received of the loss of the Hercules, screw steamer, while on a voyage from Dantzic to London. It appears that shortly after leaving port she encountered the recent fearful gales, which occasioned so much havoc in the North Sea. The Hercules endeavoured to make headway against the storm, but to little purpose. She had burnt all her coals, her sails were blown away, her bulwarks were part carried away, and the pumps were choked with grain, with four or five feet of water in the hold, and which was rapidly increasing. It would seem that the crew, twenty-three in number, had a very narrow escape of going down with the unfortunate vessel. After undergoing much suffering they were taken on board the Danish yacht *Fortuna*. Their troubles, however, did not cease, for owing to the character of the weather and the short supply of provisions on board the yacht they were reduced to great extremities before they were relieved. After being in the yacht nine days, the Falcon, steamer, Captain Mason, fell in with them and took them on board and brought them on to Hull. The Hercules was built at Sunderland, and the loss of the ship and cargo will amount to several thousands.

There was again a very large assemblage of people in Hyde-park on Sunday, fully equalling in number that of the previous Sunday, and a strong body of police were again on duty. There was, however, not the slightest attempt at disturbance. The people assembled in groups, and engaged in animated discussions on political and theological subjects, but there was no attempt to hold a meeting. The authorities consider that all fear of future disturbances has now passed away, and it is understood that on Sunday next, there will only be a few additional constables placed in the park beyond the number ordinarily on duty on the Sabbath day. Those on duty, however, will have strict orders, should there be any indication of a meeting being about to be held, to communicate at once with headquarters, that a sufficient force may be marched to the park to prevent the meeting being held. A deputation is about to wait upon the Commissioners of Wood and Forests to obtain his sanction for the preachers who, until the late disturbances, were in the habit of lecturing in the park on Sunday, to resume their self-imposed duties.

A FATAL collision took place at seven o'clock on Monday morning at Moulton Station, on the Richmond branch of the North Eastern Railway. One young woman named Dickinson, who had only just taken her seat, was killed; Mr. Robinson, the late Mayor of Richmond, very greatly injured; the engine driver, named Harding, was much hurt, and a number of passengers were bruised and lamed. A cat's train ran into a passenger train which was standing at the Moulton Station. The morning was very misty.

On Saturday, at five p.m., Mr. J. H. de Kanter, of Java, was walking down Maiden-lane, Highgate, on his way to St. John's park; as he neared the Smallpox Hospital he perceived, for the first time, two men walking slowly in front of him. He took no notice of them but continued his way, and on coming up to them would have walked past between them, the men having gone one on each side of the road. But at this moment one of them put his arm round Mr. Kanter's throat, and with his other hand roughly stopped his mouth to prevent him calling for help. The other gave him a fierce blow on the chest, which brought him to the ground. They then knelt upon him and robbed him of his watch and his purse and all else contained in his pocket, and then made off in the direction of Kentish-town.

Dr. Lankester, the Central Middlesex coroner, prosecuted an inquiry at the Prince of Wales Tavern, Wharf-road, Islington, on Monday, into the peculiar circumstances attending the death of John Ballard, a working engineer, said to be a well-known temperance lecturer, residing at 27, Southampton-street, Pentonville. The body having been identified, the evidence went to prove that on the previous Friday evening, John Simmons, in the service of Mr. Mills, of 2, Wharf-road, was requested by his employer to go into a loft adjoining the premises, which had been recently hired by the deceased. Simmons, finding the door locked on the inside, looked through the window into the loft, and there found the deceased hanging to a beam in the middle of the room. He straightway fetched Police-constable 412 A, on the beat, who forced open the door and cut him down. Medical aid was obtained, but life was totally extinct. A brother-in-law of the unfortunate man deposed that he had been for many years in the employment of Mr. Thomas Cubitt, of Finsbury, and for the past seven years foreman to the firm of Messrs. Cubitt, Gray & Co., whose service he had recently left in consequence of his irritable disposition, and had frequently declared his intention to make away with himself. He was a man of studious habits, a good Greek and Hebrew scholar, a clever lecturer, and entirely self-taught. Twelve or thirteen years ago he was attacked with a brain fever arising from over study. Since leaving Messrs. Cubitt he had accepted a government contract to repair 500 iron bedsteads and though cautioned he accepted the contract at 6s. 6d. each, and it proved most unprofitable. He could only attribute the cause for self-destruction to these disasters, the deceased's habitual dread of failure in anything he undertook, and the fact that he had a sister a lunatic for eighteen years. Verdict—"Suicide whilst in an unsound state of mind."

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

There is serious reason to fear that English sportsmen will refrain altogether from participating in the Grand Paris Races, to be inaugurated next year with the £1,000 prize given by the city of Paris and the railway companies. It was taken for granted that this meeting would attract more first-rate horses from the English turf than had ever before been brought to France, and the objection which now threatens to be fatal to such a desirable international competition never seems to have occurred to the founders of the new races. That objection, which has been raised, and very seriously raised in England, is that the day fixed for the sport to come off is a Sunday. It has been represented to the French sporting authorities, with the most perfect courtesy, and without any affectation of Puritanism, that, out of deference to the habits and customs and deeply-rooted feeling in their own country, English gentlemen would scruple, even on a foreign soil, where different views of Sabbath obligations prevail, to take part in such a diversion as public races on a Sunday; and the suggestion has been very earnestly made that some week day should be chosen. The Frenchmen, while admitting that the objection is one that demands most respectful consideration, do not seem disposed to yield to it. They say that Sunday is by almost universal consent the day fixed upon for horse-racing in France—that while they are quite ready to conform to English habits in England, they do not feel that international courtesy calls upon them to alter a French custom for the existence of which many cogent reasons may be given. They consider it highly desirable in a national point of view, and in order to improve the breed of horses, to encourage the sports of horse-racing, which, as yet, is but in its infancy in France. The best way to encourage it on a large scale is to interest the masses in the races. But it is quite certain that the general public does not yet care enough for a race to make a great national holiday and shut up their shops for the sake of one, as is done in England. On any day but Sunday the spectators would be few, and confined to a special class. Moreover (and this is a weighty reason), it is urged that the object of the city of Paris and of the railway companies in giving the great prize which was to attract large numbers of visitors, and give a fillip to business, would be in a great measure frustrated, and the prize itself would probably be given up before long for want of sufficient encouragement.

During the late gales the keeper of the Blainville lighthouse, near Coutance, with his wife and daughter, were very nearly being starved to death. For six days they had no communication with the shore, their provisions were entirely exhausted, and they were reduced to quench their thirst by sucking napkins held out to catch the rain. When at length it was found possible to take some food to them they were in a very alarming state, especially the daughter, a girl of sixteen, whose sufferings from the pangs of hunger and the conscious prospect of a dreadful death were terrible. The family is now out of danger.

ROME.

A letter has been published, addressed by a portion of the Italian clergy to the Pope, praying his Holiness to renounce the temporal power. The letter bears 8,948 signatures, and is accompanied by a statement, signed by Father Passaglia, on the number and standing of the priests signing the letter.

M. de Merode and the French commander at Rome have had another tiff. The *Monda* thus relates the incident in its Roman correspondence:—

"A fact much to be regretted has just taken place at Montefiascone. The commanding officer of the French garrison, in order to restrain the excursions of the Piedmontese encamped in the province of Orvieto, placed a boundary post on what is called the present frontier of the Pontifical State. The French officer doubtless acted from a praiseworthy motive, when looked at in the point of view of his particular mission, but the Minister of Arms has censured and, it is said, punished with a month's arrest, a captain of Papal gendarmerie who did not refuse to be present at the placing of the post. The Papal Government cannot recognise any other frontiers except those of the States of the Church, invaded in a shameful and sacrilegious manner by an enemy whom Europe branded with reprobation at the moment of the invasion, and whom it still continues to blame."

GREECE.

THE REVOLUTION AND FLIGHT OF THE KING.

Letters from Athens have come to hand, bringing accounts of the late events. A letter dated the evening of the 24th ult., says, "Last night the news received from the provinces led to a movement in the capital. The people and the garrison having assembled in the principal square, proclaimed the fall of the dynasty. The King had arrived in the course of the day, ignorant of what was brewing. The diplomatic corps begged him not to disembark, and to leave. He replied that he would think over it. To-day the Provisional Government ordered their Majesties to quit the frigate, adding that, in case of refusal, the Government could not be responsible for their safety. The King and Queen then embarked upon the English vessel *Scylla*, which took them to Venice. Bulgaria presides over the Government, which takes for its title, 'The Government of the Hellenic Kingdom.' The National Assembly will meet in a month. All the foreign ministers remain at their posts. No collision has occurred. The people are armed but tranquil. The president of the Provisional Government has issued a proclamation in which it is said that Greece has overturned a Government which trampled on the national dignity and the respect for the laws. The new Government will preserve the constitutional monarchical form. It professes unalterable gratitude to the three protecting Powers, and will maintain friendly relations with other States. A national assembly will be convoked without delay. It is summoned to elect a new prince, to the exclusion of the Bavarian dynasty."

A letter from Athens, dated Oct. 25, says:—"On Saturday last we were informed that the garrison of Vonitza and of Missolonghi had raised the standard of revolt, and that the entire provinces of Acarnania and Aetolia had joined in the movement. On Tuesday we learned that the garrison of Patras had followed the example, and that a Provisional Government had been proclaimed at that last town, under the presidency of Beniselos Routsos, a wealthy landowner in the Peloponnese. It was then resolved that the movement meditated for a long time should take place at once in the capital; and in the night of Wednesday last the army, together with the people of Athens, assembled in the Place of Otto (which is now called the Place of Liberty), and they declared unanimously that Otto was no more King of Greece, and Queen Amalia was no more Regent. According to the provision of the constitution, a central Provisional Government of the kingdom of Greece was proclaimed, with Bulgaria as president, and Canaris and Beniselos Routsos as members of the same, and the convocation of a national assembly was decreed for the purpose of electing the future King. All that night passed with firing of muskets—as a sign of jubilee—and with shouts for liberty. The enthusiasm was not abated a jot up to this time; this day especially the excitement was greater than ever, because Otto returned yesterday on board the frigate *Amalia* to the Piræus, not knowing anything of recent events. The English and French men-of-war,

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anchored in the Piræus, signalled the Amalia in the offing not to enter into that port. The Greek man-of-war went then to Ambrakia, in the Bay of Salamis, where all the foreign ministers betook themselves without loss of time. Otho kept them waiting about half an hour. As soon as admitted into his presence, they told him that no hope remained for him, and that he ought to leave Greece. Otho would not agree to this, replying that he was beloved and wanted by the people; and that it was only the army that was against his Government. It is said that the minister of Bavaria spoke then to the King with greater force, trying to convince him that there was no alternative, but that he must go away; and that the King then turned to Count Mamiani, the Italian minister, and asked him whether these events would have taken place if he had been present at Athens and had not set out on his tour? Count Mamiani assured him that his presence would not have altered the course of events, but would perhaps have occasioned bloodshed. The King replied that he would reflect whether he ought to go or to remain. The Queen seemed greatly moved. The Provisional Government then sent Captain Sachuri on board the Amalia, with orders to Captain Palasas to deliver over to him the command of the frigate. Palasas refused to obey the Provisional Government, and Sachuri returned to Athens. Meanwhile the crew began to show symptoms of mutiny, and the Provisional Government gave the King four hours to decide to embark on board the English corvette Scylla, which was anchored close to the Greek frigate, intimating that after the lapse of that time they could not assume any responsibility as to the personal security of the King and Queen. This communication hastened the decision of Otho, and embarking on board the Scylla he left for Trieste; the Greek frigate passing immediately under the orders of the Provisional Government. This news calmed the multitude which had assembled in the Piræus in a state of great excitement. In the capital, too, a great relief was felt when the news of the departure of the King was spread by a proclamation issued by the Government."

MEXICO.

The *Moniteur* publishes the following as the substance of the first despatches of General Forey, dated from Vera Cruz, 1st October:—

"The commander-in-chief of the expedition to Mexico landed at Vera Cruz on the 25th September, under salutes from all the vessels in the roadstead, and immediately made a public entry into the city, where he was received by the garrison under arms, all the public functionaries, and an immense crowd of citizens. After reviewing the troops, he briefly addressed them as to the political object of the expedition, and the soldiers responded with cries of 'Vive l'Empereur!' At that moment, General Forey remarked that the Mexican flag was not flying over the ayuntamiento, and gave orders for it to be immediately hoisted, in order to prove to the Mexican populations that the French troops did not come to make war on them. This incident produced a most favourable impression, as confirming the sentiments expressed in the proclamation addressed to the Mexicans by the general-in-chief. On his arrival General Forey reconstituted an ayuntamiento composed of men enjoying the confidence of their countrymen and deserving that of the French by their sentiments towards France and their honourable conduct in the past. He inspected all the services of the army, and assured himself that everything was in regular order. The sanitary state had already considerably improved, and not a single case of yellow fever had occurred in the city for a week past. General Forey arrived just at the close of the rainy season. The roads, which soon get dry in those tropical climes, are every day improving, and the communication between Vera Cruz and Orizaba no longer presents those extreme difficulties which have heretofore so severely tried the energy and constancy of our soldiers. Everything is therefore in a fair way for the army to resume the offensive under favourable conditions. The troops sent from France and Algeria arrive in due succession at Vera Cruz, and they appear to have suffered but little from the long voyage, thanks to the arrangements made for satisfying all their wants."

AMERICA.

The cry for a forward movement by General McClellan was growing louder and louder. A Washington telegram says:—

"The pressure for a forward movement is becoming almost general. It is urged with an earnestness that has never been equalled. The argument is used that a protraction of our present inactivity will ruin the country."

The New York journals generally echo the above cry. The *New York Herald* displays the following leader in prominent type:—

"The public opinion of our loyal states expects and demands an immediate advance by General McClellan in full strength upon the great rebel army of Virginia. The season and the roads in that quarter are now the most favourable of all the year for active military operations. Our troops from the victorious fields of South Mountain and Antietam are eager for the final settlement with General Lee, and they are believed to be sufficiently strong in numbers with their late reinforcements to march upon him at once and put him to flight. There is a general apprehension, on the other hand, that our army may linger at Harper's Ferry until compelled to go into winter quarters, and that thus our situation in Virginia in May, 1863, will be pretty much as was in 1861, when, by vigorous action now, the great work before us may be substantially accomplished before Christmas. The rebels in the West have been beaten back in Missouri, and from the line of the Ohio River, and are in full flight from Kentucky southward. They have been cut to pieces at Corinth, and ignominiously routed near Nashville. Their whole scheme of operations in the West has been destroyed, and all their victorious troops, under their able leaders, have now to do in that quarter, from Kentucky to the Gulf of Mexico, is to gather up the fragments of the rebel army which they have broken up and dispersed. Hence, with the universal idea of the superiority of McClellan's army, the general belief is that a decisive victory over the rebel army of Virginia at this time would be the death-blow to the rebellion. We are informed that McClellan's soldiers are in want of shoes, and that until they are supplied with shoes and some other essential articles of winter clothing, they cannot advance. But who are responsible for these deficiencies; it is the business of the Secretary of War to know and to call the guilty parties to account, and to see that these wants of our troops are at once supplied. Our loyal people will accept no paltry excuses for these delays in the forward movements of our armies, if thus all the great advantages we have lately gained over the enemy are to be lost, and all present opportunities for decisive action by land and sea. The people of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana have declared in favour of a vigorous prosecution of the war—not for the negro nor the abolition, but for the Union. They have pronounced against our Abolition disorganizers, and in favour of President Lincoln's Conservative course, and in favour of postponing the settlement of the question of African slavery until we shall have settled with the armies of this rebellion. And this will be the voice of New York, and it is the general belief, too, of our loyal States, that with an immediate advance upon the rebel army of Virginia our Secession disunionists of the South and our Abolition disunionists of the North will speedily be put down and be buried in the same grave."

IMPORTING tea not covered with colour prevents the Chinese passing off inferior leaves, hence Horniman's tea is the purest, cheapest, and best. Sold by 2,280 agents.

YORKSHIRE.—ALARMING ACCIDENT ON THE SOUTH YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.—On Saturday morning, an accident occurred within about four miles of Doncaster, on the above line, which might have been attended with very serious consequences to both life and property. Fortunately, however, the only human injury sustained did not go beyond a few cuts and bruises, although the first tiding of the accident created great excitement in Doncaster, for the rumour went to the effect that the whole of the passengers, with one exception, had been drowned, and the engine driver and stoker killed on the spot. The simple facts of the case, however, appear to be these. The market train left Leeds at 8.25, and proceeded all right until it arrived near Barnby Dun, when a very rough and uneasy motion was perceived by the passengers, who became very much alarmed. The fears of the travellers were soon brought to a climax by the engine jumping off the line at a most dangerous curve on the banks of the canal and plunging into the water, dragging with it the tender and a first-class carriage. Most providentially the passenger carriage happened to be uppermost, and the inmates were quickly rescued from their unpleasant position, with nothing beyond a severe fright and much shaking. The next carriage, a second-class, did not fully enter the water, one end only being immersed and the other resting on the bank. The engine was completely submerged, the only portion above the surface being the funnel. The driver was severely cut about the head and face, and the stoker saved himself by swimming.

SOMERSETSHIRE.—THE LATE EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF CHILD DESERTION AT BRISTOL.—This singular case has been amicably settled. The friends of the young lady who said the child was given to her by a strange woman in one of the Great Western Railway carriages, and who, on the other hand, was alleged to have herself been the mother of the child, have settled the matter by removing the infant from the hospital. There will consequently be no magisterial inquiry, and everybody who is familiar with the remarkable circumstances in which the interesting little stranger was introduced to the public is left to form his or her own opinion as to its parentage.—*Western Daily Press*.

ESSEX.—BARBAROUS CRUELTY TO A PARISH APPRENTICE.—John Robins, master of the Gauntlet, fishing smack of Barking, was brought up at the Hford Police-court on Saturday from Grimsby, charged with shockingly ill-treating an apprentice, named Joseph Rodwell, who had since died. A coroner's inquest had been held, and although the immediate cause of death was proved to be disease of the lungs, the evidence which transpired was of that character that a gentleman named Mitchell, who took an interest in the case, applied for a warrant, and obtained it, against the accused. The deceased was apprenticed from Hampstead workhouse, and it was proved by other apprentices on board the Gauntlet that the prisoner was in the habit of beating the poor boy most unmercifully with ropes as thick as his three fingers, lashing him to the windlass whilst he did it, afterwards tarring his back, and on one occasion after being flogged his back was covered with bright varnish. He was frequently kept without food for twenty-four hours, and became so weak that he would fall about the deck, and was flogged for that. They deposed that he was even flogged and kept for twenty-four hours without food, when he was absolutely dying on his last voyage from Grimsby to Barking. The medical man who made the post mortem examination said although the immediate cause of death was disease of the lungs, he found the body covered with bruises and sores, an abrasion on one of the knees, and the body was shockingly emaciated, there being no food in the stomach. The magistrates, of whom Mr. Barclay was chairman, having resolved to send the case for trial, prisoner was remanded, bail being accepted, himself in 100*l.*, and two sureties of 50*l.* each.

NORFOLK.—A BOY SHOT BY A GAMEKEEPER.—On Saturday, at the Shire Hall, Norwich, Samuel Storey, of Sprowston, was charged with having unlawfully and maliciously wounded Robert Robinson, a boy of nine years of age, by shooting at him with a gun loaded with powder and shot, with intent to do him some grievous bodily harm. One day last week an altercation took place between the prisoner and the boy's father, in the course of which the prisoner knocked the boy's father down, whereupon he was stoned by several other lads who had collected. This incensed him still further, and he brought his gun out and levelled it at the boys. On his pulling the trigger the first time the cap missed fire; he then put on another cap, which proved more effectual, the boy Robinson receiving some of the charge in his face, which was soon covered with blood. He called to his father for assistance, and the latter took him in his arms and placed him in a passing cart, in which he was carried home. Two other boys were also struck by the shot, but, being further off, and having their faces turned in an opposite direction, did not sustain any injury. Storey, when remonstrated with by the lads, as they saw Robinson's face covered with blood, only replied, "I will shoot the whole lot of you." The magistrates committed him for trial at the ensuing Norfolk assizes.

INFANT MORTALITY IN THE METROPOLIS THROUGH SUFFOCATION.

On Saturday morning an inquiry was held at the Ship Tavern, Limehouse, by Mr. Walthew, respecting the death of Thomas Walker, an infant, six months old. Mary Ann Walker, 1, King-cour, Park-street, said that the deceased was placed in bed on the previous Thursday night, and slept between herself and her husband. Her husband had gone to bed at seven or eight o'clock, not sober. He had not been sober all the afternoon. The next morning she found the deceased child cold and apparently dead. She went for the doctor, who pronounced life extinct. Dr. Andrews said the child died from suffocation. Parts of the body were livid. Deprivation of air, by being covered over with the bedclothes, would cause death. The coroner directed public attention to the great mortality amongst infants, arising from suffocation. He had recently held nine inquests in two days upon children who had thus lost their lives. The parents almost invariably attributed the death of their children under such circumstances to convulsion, lest a suspicion of infanticide should attach to them, but there was no doubt that the carelessness or over-fondness of the parents was in fault. He (the learned coroner) did not agree with those who ascribed the suffocation of children to design, for he observed that but comparatively few cases occurred during summer, but that the number invariably rose during the winter, and that the fatality occurred principally on Sunday and Monday mornings. The causes appeared to be these:—On the approach of cold weather, parents, in their anxiety to keep the children warm, wrapped them up in heavy bedclothes, so as to deprive them of all access to pure air, and with delicate infants death as surely resulted as if they had been buried. Secondly, on Saturdays, parents of the lower order spent their time between marketing and the public-houses, and returning home late and tired overlaid and so killed the children. Sundays, among the same classes, was devoted to heavy eating and drinking, and then, even more than on Saturday nights, children were crushed and asphyxiated. It was therefore a matter of some moment that at the present time parents should be put on their guard with respect not only to the danger of destroying the lives of their children, but of involving themselves in the suspicion, how ever unfounded, of infanticide. In the particular case under notice a verdict was returned, "That the deceased died from suffocation, but how the suffocation was caused there was no evidence to show."

General News.

We (*Army and Navy Gazette*) are enabled to state that on the occasion of the Prince of Wales attaining his majority there is no intention (at all events such was the fact up to yesterday) of making any naval promotions. It was, we believe, at first intended to confer a certain number of honours upon officers of the royal navy; but when it was considered that the Queen, the "fountain of honour," was in a state of affliction, and would be precluded from taking part in any act of rejoicing, the idea was abandoned, and we have reason to think it will not be revived until the marriage of his royal highness.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Mr. J. G. Teed, Q.C., as judge of the county court No. 17, vacant by the death of Mr. J. G. Stanlyton Smith.

"The Duke de Grammont-Caderousse," says the *Patrie*, "who, after his duel, as has been announced, left France, is now in Germany. M. Lachaud, to whom he has confided his defence, has written to the Procureur Imperial of Versailles, to inform him that his client will surrender to take his trial."

We (*United Service Gazette*) have reason to believe that the baton of field-marshal will be conferred on his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, and Lords Gough and Clyde, immediately after the heir apparent shall have attained his majority.

The *Völk's Zeitung*, of Berlin, states that quarrels for political motives are becoming frequent in that city. On Saturday not fewer than three duels took place there, between three artillery officers on one side, and as many students on the other. The immediate cause of those meetings was a discussion relative to the late votes of the Chambers. Two of the officers were badly wounded, and the hurt of one of them, from a ball in the stomach, is considered mortal. One of the students was hit in the right arm.

At Roches, near Wigan, a singular and fatal accident occurred. Two boys and a girl were digging sand in a sand-hole, when a mass of soil fell upon them and buried them. One boy was taken out dead; the other was much injured, but the girl was not seriously hurt.

We regret to learn that there is only the very slightest foundation for the report of Miss Nightingale's restoration to health. She is able to remove from one place of residence to another—a very few miles—once a year, but she is scarcely able to leave her bed in the intervals, and quite unable to struggle with the flood of correspondence and applications of all kinds which the report of her partial recovery has brought up on her.

A BRUTALLY wicked act was committed by a young man at Hull last week. A woman, it appears, met him at night, and asked him to "visit her." He gave her a bottle containing rum, as he said, but which turned out to be laudanum, and shortly after drinking some of it she became seriously ill.

Reports from Shields state that several of the vessels which had been missing since the late tremendous gales have got safely to port, though of at least half-a-dozen not a word has been heard. Some of the incidents connected with the saved crews or vessels are heartrending. The crew of one ship clung for three days to the side of their vessel, and were at last picked up by an Italian brig. The crew of an Austrian vessel were nine hours on the ship's broadside, exposed to all the fury of the gale, and were ultimately saved.

A DEEP gloom at present hangs over the town of Wincanton (says the *Salisbury Journal*) two of the leading medical men of the place having, by an extraordinary coincidence, been removed from their sphere of usefulness by death, within twelve hours of each other. Mr. Frutson, who for upwards of thirty years practised here, died on Thursday morning, after a painful illness of between two and three years' duration, borne with truly Christian fortitude and resignation to the divine will. And at mid-day, Mr. Eastment, his senior in practice (who but a few hours before was at the bedside of his dying friend), was seized with a fatal illness, which terminated his life in less than two hours. By these sad events not only have their families been plunged into the deepest affliction, but their friends and neighbours have been deprived of two of the best of men and most skilful of practitioners, while the poor have lost friends to whom they never applied in vain, whether for medical advice or pecuniary help.

On Saturday, a young unmarried man, named James Peters, a native of Worsop, was taken before E. Silvester, Esq., a county magistrate, charged with having eloped with the wife of William Mason, of Standish, a village three miles from Wigan, and stolen 50*l.* in gold, 1*l.* in copper, some rare coins, and wearing apparel and household requisites to the value of 20*l.*, all the property of the said William Mason. The prisoner came to Standish nine months ago, and, having obtained work, took lodgings with Mason, an engineer, and a steady, respectable person. The prisoner was apprehended at Walsley, a village near Rotherham, where the guilty pair were found at the house of a Mrs. Turner, where they had taken lodgings as a married couple. The box containing the greater part of the wearing apparel was recovered. The prisoner was committed for trial on the charge of robbery.

A SERIOUS accident happened to the Otan mail coach. After leaving Portonachan, between four and five a.m., for Inverary, and while coming down a hill between Rockhill and Clackloch, the reins broke and the horses ran off. The coach capsize, and a Mr. M. Callum, farmer, Auchnacarr, Kilschroon, Lochaw, was pitched out and struck his head against a stone. He survived a few hours, but never spoke. Three other persons were more or less hurt, but not seriously. As far as could be learned, there was no blame attached to the driver.

MISS GREEN'S ship *Vernon* arrived in Plymouth Sound on Sunday afternoon, en route for Sydney. On her arrival she was boarded by George Peake, a cattle-breeder, of 38, Clayton-street, Caledonian-road, London, who charged two Scotch ladies, Mrs. Maria Sutherland and Mrs. Sarah Stewart, with having stolen his child, a fine little boy twenty months old. The child and the ladies came on shore, and on Monday the case came before the sitting magistrates at the Plymouth Guildhall, when the ladies proved that they advertised for a child to adopt in the *Celestial News*, had forty-two answers, and selected the complainant's child, for which they paid £3 to his wife, with his knowledge and that he had since, on his arrival on board the *Vernon* at Plymouth, attempted to induce them to give him £30 more, for which he was willing to resign all claims to the child. This they refused to give on account of his having made the matter public on board the ship. The child was given up to the man, and the ladies dismissed.

On Saturday morning a fire happened at Mr. Evans's, Thomas-street, Waterloo-road, which it is feared will terminate fatally to Mary Evans, aged twenty-one years. The inmates were alarmed by loud shrieks for help, and on entering the room they found the unfortunate sufferer in one body of fire. She was extinguished as soon as possible, and the flames extinguished. Without loss of time she was conveyed to Guy's Hospital. She had been standing with her back to the fire, and in stooping down her crinoline came in contact with the flames.

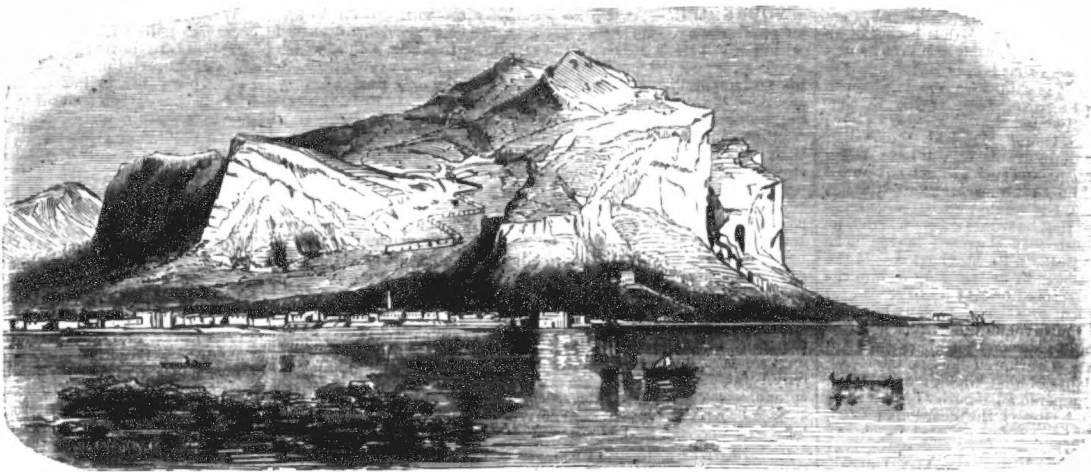
The *Manchester Guardian* states, on what it considers to be most respectable authority, that a wonderful discovery has recently been made in electricity as applicable to purposes of the electric telegraph:—"Incredible as it may seem, it is said that experiments have established the fact that intelligible signals can be exchanged between distant stations without the intervention of any artificial conductor whatever, and with equal success whether the intervening space be wholly or partially land or water."

THE Prince of Wales, with the Prince and Princess Frederick William of Prussia, are now taking a tour in Sicily. The beautiful island in the Mediterranean, lately added to the dominions of King Victor Emmanuel. The island has, independent of its great natural attractions, become one of the most celebrated places in modern history, from the fact of the patriot, Garibaldi, having there commenced the struggle for Italian independence. We this week give engravings illustrative of its scenery and volunteer soldiery. The first is a view of Mount Pellegrino. This grand mass of rock rises like a giant near Palermo: it would itself be an object of stupendous interest even if it had not been the theatre of some of the recent struggles. The next is a view of Caltanizetta, chief of the province of the same name. It is a highly mountainous district, and is considered one of the most healthy portions of the island. The scene includes some of the King's troops on the march. The last is a view of the Port of Catania, showing the building lately honoured by being the residence of the royal party. The two figures represent the costume of the natives while in the service of Garibaldi as volunteers.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

HERE I am in Paris once more, my charming readers, but I have not yet had time to visit any but our customary ware-rooms, nor have I hitherto discovered any positive decision of our winter fashions. The initiated conceal them with so much affectation as to suggest a suspicion that the matter is still undetermined. I think that discord prevails in the camp, and that our principal makers cannot agree. It seems to be understood among the leaders of fashion that *rotondes* are to be much in use this winter, either to match with the dresses or to consist of some warm stuff, such as cloth or velvet. These *rotondes* are longer than the collars, but shorter than the *talmas*; they are very convenient, because you can readily put them over the shoulders, or take them off if they discommode you. But the question is, are they warm? They let the air through everywhere, and that ought to be considered. However, these *rotondes* are not inelegant; they bear large plaits, for they are very full, and have a graceful turn. Here is a new catalogue containing all the latest novelties of fashion:—A hat of white crape, with velvet ornaments. A grey crape cloak, and green velvet head-dress, with black lace ornaments. A lovely coiffure, Mary Stuart form, with lappets and red velvet trimming. Children's capotes, made of white taffeta, with blue velvet ornaments, and neat little blondes. During my visit to Faden, I had opportunities of judging and appreciating the charm and convenience of round hats; and all others seem indifferent or irksome to me now. The old torture of strings and shapes I can tolerate no longer. They have been adopted everywhere and by everybody, these round hats, even by ladies of mature age. Velvet will be very much worn this coming season, and mixed colours too. There are some evening coiffures chiffonnées of unrivalled taste. The real art is to suit them to the particular look of each face. There is a talk of reviving for ball dresses the trimmings with flowers. These, in my opinion, are preferable to any. What adornment can be more delicate, chaster, or more becoming to a young lady? The fashion of wearing plumes in the hat and bonnet likewise continues. From the bird of paradise and the majestic ostrich down to the little fly-catcher, all furnish us with feathers. Moreover, they assert that those pretty gems from India, the butterflies, the gold-winged flies, and the like, are mingled with our present evening toilets.—*The Paris Elegant*.

THE PRINCE OF WALES', PRINCE AND PRINCESS FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA'S VISIT TO SICILY.



MOUNT PELLEGRINO, NEAR PALERMO.

STATE OF GARIBALDI'S HEALTH.

A LETTER from Spezzia, dated October 29th. has the following:—

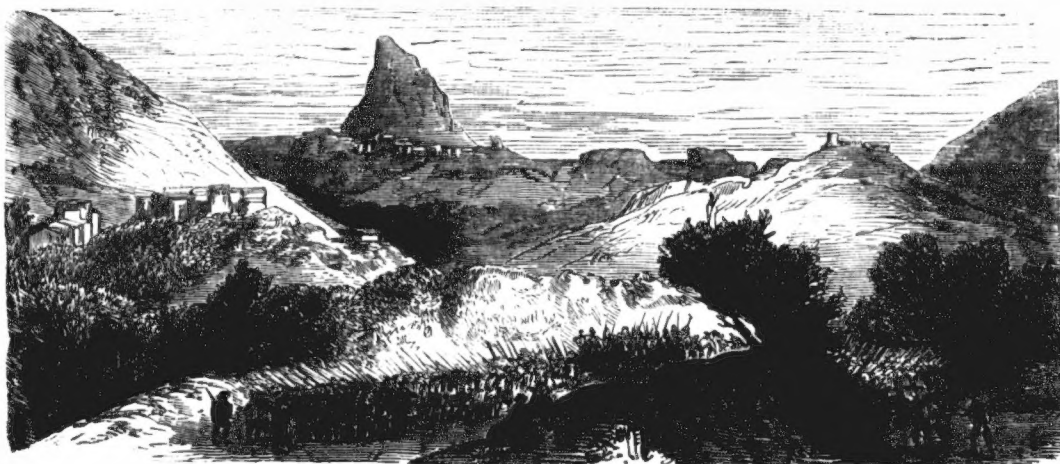
"The eminent French surgeon, Nelaton, a great authority on gunshot wounds, came last night, saw Garibaldi, and declared that the ball might be present, but that there was no case for amputation. There are now here Porta and Sanetti, Maestri, Zie, Gherardi, and Tanderini of Carara, a village surgeon, who performs the highest operations of surgery with a speed, dexterity and success, that the first men in London or Paris could not excel. To any one who has seen the stream of people chatting, laughing, or smoking, who pour in and out of Garibaldi's quarters all day long—now stopping to read a paragraph in a newspaper, now to listen to a joke, now to light a cigar with the red-shirted acolytes, who throng the ante-chamber, and occasionally passing into the very chamber of the sick man—there does not seem anything strange in that large group in the square before the door where the twelve doctors are all talking with a considerable crowd of listeners around them, and who are, doubtless for the first time in their lives, assisting at a medical consultation. How eagerly they listen to that stern-looking old man with the grey hair streaming over his coat and collar—that is Porta; and how anxiously they bend down to hear what that diminutive, stooping, bright-eyed Zanetti is saying; and who is the red-shirted lady with the bright auburn hair and fair skin, evidently not Italian, though her sympathies are certainly on this side the Alps? She is a well-known English lady (late Miss White), whose name has already figured widely in the circles of Mazzinianism. Well, we are not much the wiser—we of the outer bar—who have listened for the last half-hour to learned discussions on the force of projectiles and the resisting power of the ligaments of the ankle joint. The scene is, however, an exciting one; there is a great deal at stake—more than the life of one man usually compasses—for were Garibaldi to die, the effect would be retrospective as well as future. Happily, however, there is no apprehension of this. Nelaton augured most favourably of the case, though frankly confessing that it would be tedious and painful. The consultation—a rather warm discussion, I understand—is now over. Porta examined the wound fully with his finger, and has ascertained that the ball is some where, but not in the articulation, which



SICILIAN VOLUNTEER LANCER.



SICILIAN VOLUNTEER PRIEST.



CALTANIZETTA.

is the really important point, for it at once sets at rest all question of amputation. The case, he opines, will be a very tedious one; that all exploration after the ball would be highly injurious, and that the convalescence will be a matter of some months. The great point is, however, decided; there is no peril to life, no need of amputation. Fragments of bone will continue to be detached, and with these the ball, if there, may some day or other make its appearance. The friends of Garibaldi have, therefore, good news, and you may tell them the tidings with the safe assurance that they come from the best authorities in science Italy possesses; men who are fully the equals of any in France or in England."

Dr. Nelaton has arrived in Paris on his return from Spezzia. The *Temps* states that the opinion of that eminent surgeon on Garibaldi's wound may be thus summed up:—

"The bullet is in the wound at two centimetres and a half from the opening. M. Nelaton recommends that the mouth of the wound should be gradually widened by known means, and when the dilatation is sufficient (in five or six days) that the bullet should be extracted. The general health of the illustrious patient is satisfactory."

A letter from La Spezzia states that when General Garibaldi was informed of the Greek revolution his features became animated, and he exclaimed:—

"Oh! how I feel myself attracted towards the Peloponnese, where the littleness of diplomacy prevented me from going. What a strong desire I feel to make an expedition in the interest of that immense Eastern question, which is so ripe—so ripe that it is sufficient to extend one's hand to pluck it!"

The following letter from Turin contains some interesting details of the French surgeon's visit to Garibaldi:—

"I am in a position to give you some information regarding Professor Nelaton's visit to Garibaldi, which you cannot have received by telegraph. I should premise that this able surgeon brought with him to Turin a letter from M. Drouyn de l'Huys to M. Benedetti, with urgent instructions to the representative of France to make such arrangements that M. Nelaton might, without loss of time, visit the most popular man of the day, and give him the benefit of his extraordinary skill. It will no doubt surprise you that a minister so devoid of liberal ideas, and so much opposed to Italian unity, should manifest so much sympathy with one who has devoted his life to the accomplishment of this unity. The enigma is, however, explained as follows:—M. Drouyn de l'Huys was at Monte Video when Garibaldi filled that part of the new world with the fame of his heroic achievements in favour of liberty. He had the opportunity of taking a near view of this great Italian, who, though calm and gentle in private life, was like a lion on the field of battle. What he then saw made a deep impression on his mind; and though his opinions are now widely different from those of Garibaldi, he remembers former times and former occurrences with a pleasure that he does not attempt to conceal. Count Walewski, also, was under the bewitching influence of Garibaldi's heroism and virtue in America. You have learned Professor Nelaton's opinion; and the patient is undergoing a preparation for a more thorough examination of the wound, with a view to the extraction of the ball, within eight or ten days. I ought to add, that M. Nelaton was by no means a warm admirer of Garibaldi. He is a man of a cold and matter-of-fact character, not at all accessible to poetic ideas, nor dazzled by one who in many respects reminds us of the heroes of romance. He had never seen Garibaldi before he visited him professionally; and he went to him merely as he would to any ordinary patient in whom many felt an interest. But he left him charmed with his gentleness and his greatness of mind."



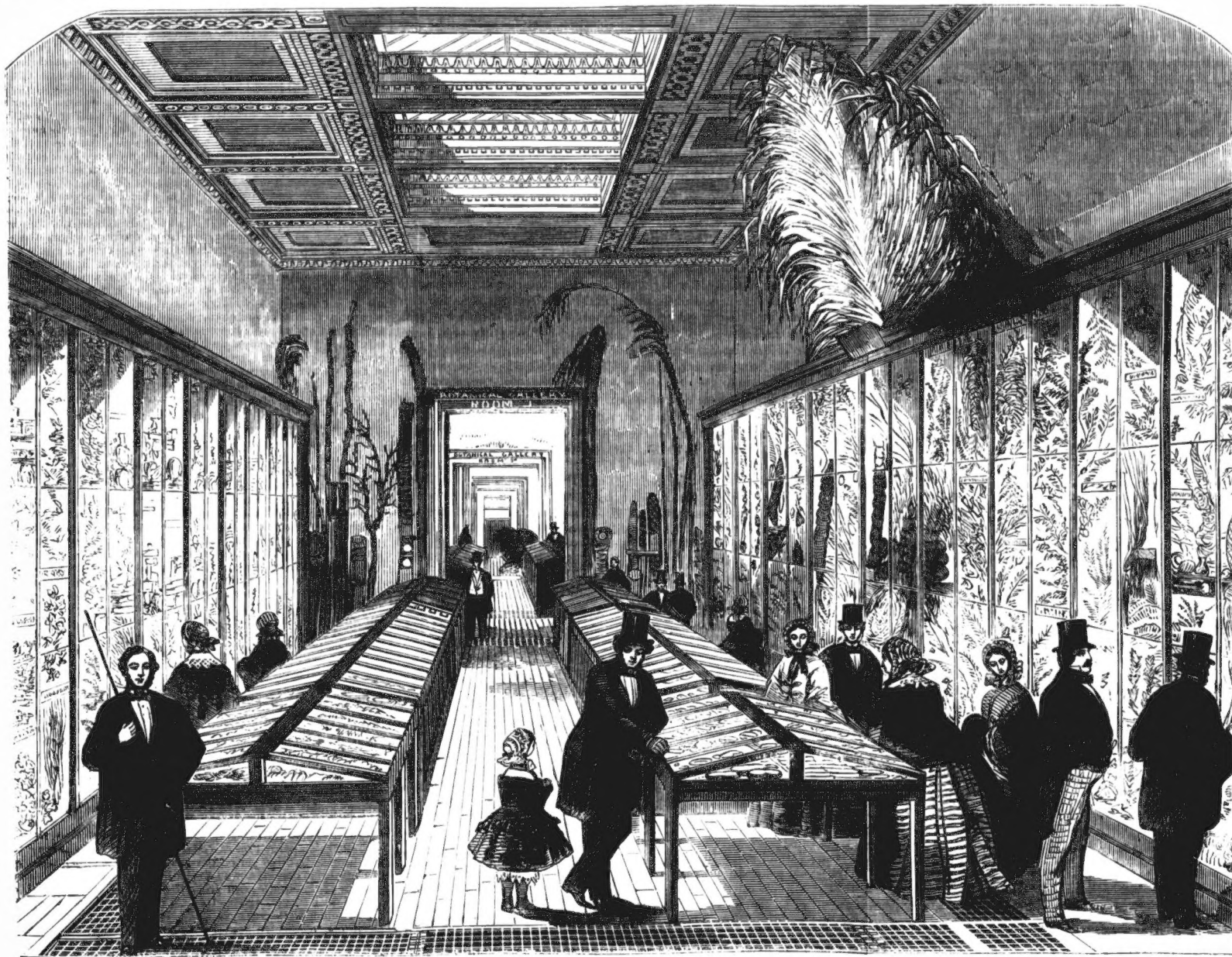
RESIDENCE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AT CATANIA. (See page 68.)

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

This splendid national institution owes its first establishment to the will of Sir Hans Sloane, an eminent physician and naturalist of his day. He directed that on his death his books, manuscripts, and collections, both of art and natural history, should be offered to parliament for 20,000*l*. The offer was accepted at his death, which happened in 1755; and the Act which directed the purchase also directed the purchase of the Harleian Library of manuscripts, and

enacted that the Cottonian Library, which had been presented to the nation in the reign of William III, and deposited in Dean's-yard, Westminster, should with these form one general collection, to which, at the same time, George II added a large library, that had been collected by the preceding sovereigns since Henry VIII. To accommodate the national property thus accumulated, the Government raised by lottery the sum of 100,000*l*, of which 20,000*l* were devoted to purchase the above collection, and in 1754 Montague House was bought of the Earl of Halifax, as a repository for their infant establishment; the cost of the purchase and the

necessary repairs and fittings being about 23,000*l*. The British Museum was opened in 1795. To the present magnificent establishment, of which we give below an illustration of the Gallery of Botany, came the Prince Napoleon and his wife during the past week, and on their arrival were received by the chief librarian, Mr. Panizzi, and other officials. They remained several hours, examining and evincing considerable interest in the unequalled collection. The present year, with London filled with Exhibition visitors, has caused the British Museum to be one of the best attended "lions" of London.



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NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.

Publishers will much oblige by forwarding to us the titles of forthcoming publications; and any books they may wish noticed should be sent early in the week, addressed to the Editor of the "Illustrated Weekly News," 25, Wellington-street, Strand, London, when they will be noticed in our next.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

D.	D.	ANNIVERSARIES.	H. W.	L. B.
8	S	Cambridge Term divides	2 50	3 5
9	S	21st Sunday aft. Trinity. P. of Wales b. 1841	3 25	3 40
10	M	...	3 55	4 10
11	T	Half-quart r Day	4 30	4 45
12	W	...	5 5	5 25
13	T	...	5 40	6 5
14	F	...	6 80	6 55

MOON'S CHANGES.—Last Quarter, 14d., 6h. 11m. p.m.

SUNDAY LESSONS.

Morning. Evening.
9.—Habak 2; John 1. Proverbs 1; 1st 1 Thessalonians 5.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TZO.—Zollverein is derived from the German zoll, toll or custom, and verein for vereiningung, combination; a commercial or customs' union, establishing an uniform rate of customs on the several German States joining the union.

A. SCHREIBER.—It is not necessary that the company should advise the public of their intended increase in the traffic rates. In the event of litigation in any court, the action should be against the company in their corporate name, and the process should be served on the secretary thereof.

Z.—Rapid speakers pronounce from 7,000 to 7,500 words per hour, or about two words per second.

REP. M.—Persons acting as jurors in criminal cases are not paid anything for so doing. The sacrifice of their time and trouble upon such occasions is required by law for the benefit of the public and the well-being of society.

HARRY MORGAN.—Write to Messrs. Sothern, booksellers, Strand.

A LADY.—The mistresses of manor houses in former times served out to the poor, weekly, with their own hands, certain quantities of bread, and were therefore called Lef-days—two Saxon words signifying bread-giver—and the words were at length corrupted; and the mistress is to this day called Lady—that is Lef-day. The introduction of ladies to Court was first to that of Louis XVI. of France. In 1499. As a title of honour, the title of lady properly belongs only to the daughters of earls, and all of higher rank, but custom has made it a term of complaisance for the wives of knights, and all women of eminence or gentility.

VETO.—The freehold estate being the property of your mother in her own right, you are, as her eldest son by her marriage with your father, her heir-at-law, and entitled thereto; and you are also entitled to a share of your father's money and other estate equally with the children by the three wives.

A WEATHER-WISE CORRESPONDENT sends us the following:—

A rainbow in the morning gives the shepherd warning. That is, if the wind be easterly; because it shows that the rain cloud is approaching the observer.

A rainbow at night is the shepherd's delight. This is also a good sign, provided the wind be westerly, as it shows that the rain clouds are passing away.

Evening red and next morning grey, are certain signs of a beautiful day.

When the glow-worm lights her lamp, the air is always damp. If the cock goes crowing to bed, he'll certainly rise with a watery head.

When you see gossamer flying, be ye sure the air is drying. When black snails cross your path, black clouds much moisture bath.

When the peacock loudly bawls, soon will have both rain and squalls.

When ducks are driving thro' the burn, that night the weather takes a turn.

If the moon shows like a silver shield, be not afraid to reap your field.

But if she shines halloed round, soon we'll tread on deluged ground.

When rooks fly sporting high in the air, it shows that windy storms are near.

If at the sun rising or setting, the clouds appear of a lurid red colour,

extending nearly to the zenith, it is a sure sign of storms and gales of wind.

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1862.

THE Exhibition of 1862 is now dead. It has been kept alive by stimulants for three weeks longer than its predecessor, but has at last shown itself to be human. Its life might have been more honest and profitable, and its end might have been more broadly impressive. Instead of dying in the arms of its great supporters—the people—it fell at the feet of a far more select party of admirers. The weak-minded amongst its friends and managers have constantly whined for royal patronage. This, with its overrated value, they have not got, but they have been rewarded in another way. They have seen their undertaking die on a fashionable Saturday, before a fashionable audience. They ought to be happy.

The fortnight's wild bazaar, with the spirit of George Robins hovering over it, will rub a little of the gilt off this refined ending. The closing ceremony, however—the positive last day—in midwinter, will restore the aristocratic tone of the undertaking. Then the funeral sermon will be preached in what promises to be an exhibition of prize chilblains. The memory of the first Exhibition will be cherished for years; the morality and the wisdom of the second will be questioned to-morrow, and for ever. The Exhibition of 1862 has been a threefold undertaking. It has been a fine art gallery, an industrial display, and an eating-house.

The management of the fine art gallery has been as near perfection as possible. The management of the industrial display has been bad, but has been overcome by the energy and determination of exhibitors. The management of the eating-house, as far as one, at least, of the commissioners is concerned, has been rotten to the core. The fine arts galleries—an addition to the industrial display such as 1851 had to do without—must be accredited with at least one third of the Exhibition returns. The working man had placed before him for a shilling more than he could have seen in years of English and continental travel. There was scarcely a private collector or a country that had not enriched the collection with representative treasures, and the fine art catalogue should be preserved as a monument of national and individual generosity. Few trading impulses, few hopes of present or future gain, were at the bottom of these contributions. Exhibitors brought them together with the least selfish of motives, and have taken them away with the gratitude of millions. The industrial display has been large, splendid, and hopeful, and has made its merits known in spite of the smothering building. It owes nothing to the commissioners, and the system which pretended to "organize" it.

The third character in which we have to look at the Exhibition is even less satisfactory than the second. As an eating-house it has largely helped to save the guarantors, and largely helped to ruin the reputation of the commissioners. We are not about to re-echo the empty cry about the huckstering principles of management. The Exhibition had its living to get, and it would have been well if the commissioners had been even more shabby. There was a terrible want of sound shop-principles when a valuable refreshment contract was given away for the sake of obliging an aristocratic follower of Earl Granville. No amount of washing can wipe away this stain.

The whole transaction is discreditable from first to last, and admits of no explanation. Lord Granville seemed to take the blame of it when he wrote from Gotha, and here the other commissioners would have been wise to have rested. They preferred, however, to stir the puddle further, and put forth another more official explanation. In this we were gravely told that Mr. Cadogan was not taken into a private room and asked what commission he would receive if his friend got the contract. No one ever supposed that business was conducted in this rude, blunt way amongst gentlemen. The last explanation is another error of policy to add to the many mistakes of the commissioners. We have shown many reasons in the foregoing remarks why the Exhibition of 1862 has not been as popular as its predecessor. With all the whipping up, the extended time, and the increase of railways, population, and intelligence, the daily average of visitors has been less by between four and five thousand.

THERE was a time in the recent history of this country when an old general went to the Queen's Ministers and told them that in his opinion the country was not safe. The veteran saw weakness at home, and knew that weakness at home was offence from abroad. He who knew what war was, and who hated it for itself, and dreaded it for his country, sniffed its approach, and denounced it as imminent. The men of peace to whom the warning was given had, perhaps, their own notions as to the fears of the ancient

soldier, but they were too much impressed with the responsibility of their position to neglect counsel that came from so grave a quarter.

By a politic relaxation of military forms a letter which embodied the important advice was allowed to become public. The authority which had acted upon the Ministerial nerves was allowed to exercise its influence over the public mind. There was a general examination of the subject. Remedies speedy and decisive were sought and found; and these have been so effective that the chattering of the hour go boasting that the old man was a dotard and the danger but his delusion. But let us suppose that the warning veteran warned in vain, and the danger had come and had caught us unprepared. What should we have said to the Ministers who disregarded the voice of sagacious experience, and who had, in blind conceit, brought ruin upon their country? In the face of such an exposure the popular indignation would certainly not have left the men at the helm. The effect upon the popular mind in this country of such an exposition of folly or wickedness would have been instantaneous. We should have met the difficulties so brought upon us under new leaders. All this has just happened in America. We must ask pardon of the great shade of the Iron Duke if we compare General Scott with him even for a single point of resemblance. But General Scott is America's Wellington. He is the only general of age and authority, and he seems to have been endowed with a certain degree of military foresight. When the revolution which is now in progress was but looming in the distance, he alone saw the magnitude and the certainty of the storm. His first cry was to garrison in force the arsenals and forts which command the rivers and strategic points of the Southern States. Neither president nor minister would listen to him, and the opportunity was lost. Then came the electoral victory of the Republicans and the overthrow of the Democrats. To the new President and his new Prime Minister General Scott then addressed himself with renewed urgency. It is now known all over America that while Messrs. Lincoln and Seward were, in their civilian conceit and ignorance, talking lightly of this Secession as a movement to be put down in sixty days and with 70,000 men, they had, locked away in their desks and carefully concealed from the public knowledge, a report from their commander-in-chief, telling them that three years and 800,000 men and 250,000,000 dollars formed the least price at which these seceded States could be conquered. While Mr. Lincoln was talking in sprightly parables, and while Mr. Seward was entertaining his hearers with the assurance that, if it had been necessary for the preservation of the Union, he would have fixed slavery in Massachusetts, and would have made it grow there, they had before them General Scott's warning that to hold the South when conquered would require generations of armies of occupation, costing four times the tribute they could extort, and destroying the constitution of the country which employed them.

TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS OF A SHIPWRECKED CREW

THE Royal Mail steamer Solent, from Colon, brought here on Sunday morning last, as passengers, proceeding to Europe, the captain and owner of the Italian bark Mia Madre, that foundered in the Pacific. The Mia Madre, Captain G. Opisso, and belonging to Mr. Agostino Pedemonte, who was supercargo, and a brother-in-law to the Messrs. Costa here, left Callao on the 27th July last with a full cargo of guano, bound to Valencia, Spain. After being a few days out the vessel was found to be making water, which increased so rapidly that on the 15th August it became necessary to abandon her, when about one thousand miles from the port she had left. The ship had three boats; the second mate took command of one, the first mate of another, and the captain of the last. The boat of the second mate after some hours disappeared, and a few of her men were saved by the boat of which the captain had charge, and in which was the owner. The boat of the first mate and the men in her were entirely lost sight of. In the boat of the captain, after many days' lingering, five men died, of whom the second mate was one. The first three corpses were thrown overboard, and the remaining two were reserved for the most horrid purpose that the mind can well conceive. On the nineteenth day after abandoning the ship those who were yet in the boat were picked up by an American whaling vessel, whose name we omitted to ascertain. This vessel changed her course in order to land them at the port of Paita, as the one most likely to give them an opportunity to reach Panama, and thence to Europe. The owner and captain express themselves in the most grateful terms of the captain of the whaler for the extreme kindness extended to them whilst on board, he having in the first days of their excessive debility personally fed them with a spoonful at a time of well cooked tea-broth, thus gradually restoring to them their long lost strength.—*St. Thomas's Tidende.*

THE CASTLE OF COMPIEGNE.

THE sojourn of their Majesties the Emperor and Empress of the French at the Chateau of Compiene renders the present a favourable opportunity of presenting our readers with the accompanying engraving of the castle. The castle owes its origin to Louis XI., although it possessed no architectural importance till the times of Louis XV. But it is unnecessary, in this brief sketch, to go into details respecting the ancient history of the chateau, or the town in which it is situated, known in former times as *Compendum*. Suffice it to say, that it was near its walls that the Roman power, in the contest with the Gauls, gave way before the legions of Sigarius, and that here the famous Logabert vanquished the Austrasians. We read that Compiene, which has engraved on one of its gates these words, *Regi et regno fidissimæ*, possessed a royal residence from the reign of Clovis. The kings of the two first royal lines have left many mementos. It was here that Clotaire the First died, in consequence of his hunting fatigues in the neighbouring forest. Chilperic the First also came here to mourn the death of his son Theodoric. Two castles were erected by Charles the Bald, and a third was built by Charles V.; but these edifices were thrown into ruins during the civil wars which devastated the north of France from 1417 to 1450. The forest, the gardens, and the buildings were the objects of numerous embellishments during the reign of Louis XIV. This prince commenced the wing on the side of the park which was completed by Gabriel in the following reign. This famous architect displayed great talent in harmonizing the works which he executed by the commands of Louis XV. It was in this castle—the restoration of which Napoleon I. confided to Perthault—that the Emperor first saw Marie-Louise when she came to share his throne. At this period the grand gallery, supported by a row of Corinthian columns, was erected. Our engraving represents the portion of the castle seen from the gardens. The length of this side of the edifice is 195 metres. The principal building, which is ornamented with very valuable sculptures, is formed by three pavilions, connected together by an architrave, with rails which extend over the whole length of this part of the castle. The aspect of the building, as a whole, is prepossessing, and in every respect well calculated for an imperial residence.

A MAN CONDEMNED TO DEATH FOR THE MURDER OF HIS WIFE.

SAMUEL GARDNER, 33, sweep, and Elizabeth Humber, were tried at the Central Criminal Court, before the Lord Chief Baron, on an indictment, charging them with the wilful murder of Elizabeth Gardner. Mr. Polard and Mr. Besley prosecuted. The prisoners were defended by Mr. Ribton and Mr. Sleight. The circumstances of this case have appeared very recently in our Mansion House police report, and the charge rested entirely upon circumstantial evidence. It appeared that the prisoner Gardner lived in Northumberland-alley, Fenchurch-street, and the other prisoner, who is a married woman, there was no doubt had been carrying on an improper intimacy with him, and this caused quarrelling and ill-feeling between Gardner, who was also a married man, and his wife. The female prisoner had been living in the same house with Gardner and his wife as servant, but she had left, but returned to reside there shortly before the murder took place. In consequence, however, of something that occurred she was to have left the house on Monday, the 22nd of September. The prisoner Gardner was in the habit of going out very early in the morning to his work, and on the previous night he chalked the time he wanted to be called on the door-post, and the policeman on the beat called him at whatever time was marked. On the morning of the occurrence the prisoner was called by the policeman at a quarter past three, but he did not leave the house until half past four, when the policeman who called him met him as he left the house, and apologized to him for having called him so early, as he had mistaken the half for a quarter, and did not find out his mistake until after he had called him. At about six o'clock, a young man who was employed as watchman in the warehouse of the St. Katherine Docks was passing by Northumberland-alley, and heard a peculiar scream proceed from No. 1, which was the house occupied by the prisoner and his deceased wife. He passed the house, thinking the scream proceeded from children romping, but thinking there was something very peculiar about the noise he had heard, he turned back and listened, but he heard nothing more. After the prisoner Gardner was seen to leave the house at half-past four by the policeman, he was not seen until about seven o'clock, when he was met in Aldersgate-street by a witness who spoke to him. He had his machine and snot-bag with him at the time, and the same witness saw him again in Fenchurch-street shortly after, sitting on a seat before a public-house. He was seen a little later by a carpenter who was employed in Northumberland-alley, and who was waiting at the top of the alley to go to his work when the prisoner passed him. The prisoner was seen after this by another witness in close proximity to Northumberland-alley. At about eight o'clock the prisoner Humber went to Dr. Sequeira, who lives in the neighbourhood, and who has attended Mrs. Gardner for some years, and told him to go directly to her mistress, as she had cut her throat, and would be dead before he got to the house. He followed her to the house, and went up to the room on the first floor which Gardner and deceased occupied as his bedroom, and there, on the floor, by the side of the bed, he saw the body of the prisoner's wife, with her throat cut. She was quite dead. When he told the prisoner Humber so, she said, "Oh, my God, you don't say so!" About a minute after Dr. Sequeira went into the room the prisoner Gardner entered, and said, "What's the matter?" and, stooping down, took a knife from the right hand of the deceased, which was covered with blood. The prisoner Gardner turned to the female prisoner, and said, "You're the cause of this!" Upon the first examination, Dr. Sequeira thought the deceased had really committed suicide, but upon a closer examination he altered his opinion, although whoever committed the act had evidently arranged the body for the purpose of making it appear that she had committed suicide. The body was lying on the floor, the legs quite straight, with the left arm straight by the side, and the right hand across the chest, holding the knife with the back towards the palm of the hand, and from the nature of the wound he thought it could not have been done by herself. The hands were severely cut, one of the fingers being cut right through to the bone, and appeared to have had blood wiped from them. A police-constable was called in, and the place was searched minutely, but nothing could be discovered to arouse any suspicion. The clothes of the female prisoner were minutely examined, but no trace of blood could be found upon them, and her hands were noticed by the doctor to be grimed with dirt, and apparently not washed since the previous day. At the coroner's inquest the prisoner Gardner said he left his wife safe in bed when he left in the morning, and the female prisoner said she went into the deceased's room to get a lucifer, when she saw the deceased lying on the floor with her throat cut. The male prisoner several times said his "poor wife" had been murdered, and when asked who he thought had done it, he said he believed it was the female prisoner. Although the police had repeatedly searched the house and the room where the deceased was found, without finding any trace of blood, when they went to the house on the Thursday after the occurrence the prisoner Gardner pointed out several spots of blood on the wall and upon the bedstead, which the officers were sure were not there previously. The learned counsel, in concluding, said the evidence against the female prisoner was certainly not at all conclusive; still, as she was in the house at the time the body was discovered, he thought it right to go into all the facts.

Mr. Sleight urged that under these circumstances the case, as against the female prisoner, should be withdrawn from the consideration of the jury.

The Chief Baron expressed his opinion that this was the proper course to be taken.

Mr. Polard, upon this, consented not to offer any evidence against the woman; and a verdict of "Not guilty" was consequently taken with regard to the woman, and the case against the male prisoner was alone proceeded with.

The learned counsel for the prosecution then went on to state, that the principal points relied upon against the prisoner Gardner were, that he had attended in the first instance to make it appear that his wife had destroyed herself, and that her death was the result of suicide, which he should prove almost conclusively was not the case, and that he had subsequently endeavoured to induce the police to believe that the deceased had been murdered by the girl Humber, and after what had taken place he should feel it his duty to call her as a witness, and the jury would hear her statement in reference to the transaction, and his learned friend would have an opportunity of cross-examining her.

Witnesses, amongst them the female, Humber, bearing out portions of the above statement, were called.

The jury retired at half-past four, and returned into court at six o'clock. They found the prisoner "Guilty," but recommended him to mercy, on the ground that, in all probability, there was some disagreement between himself and his wife before they went to bed.

The prisoner deliberately declared before God he was innocent. He said: "I swear before God, my Maker, that I am innocent; and I think that for any man who did such a thing, hanging is too good. If I thought my hands could be guilty of such an act, they should never feed this body any more. I have a higher Judge in heaven. I do not fear death."

The Lord Chief Baron said that there could be no question that the deceased came to death by violence; and that it was almost as clear that she was murdered, and that her body was artificially placed in a position to lead to the conclusion that she had destroyed herself. It appeared equally clear that that murder could not have been committed by any one except himself or Humber. He considered that there was no case against Humber on which the jury

could have found a verdict of guilty. The recommendation of the jury would be transmitted to the proper quarter, but he could not hold out any hope of mercy, as he had no authority to do so.

The learned judge then passed the sentence of death in the usual form.

The prisoner: With all due submission, a man who committed such a crime ought to be shown no mercy.

The prisoner was then removed from the dock.

CRIME IN FRANCE.

THE Court of Assizes of the Var, sitting at Draguignan, has just been engaged two days in trying a man named Peyrier, aged twenty-seven, for the murder of M. Michel, a farmer, residing at Garde-Freinet. The wife of the murdered man was also charged as an accomplice before the fact. It appeared from the evidence that Peyrier, who is himself a married man with two children, had for some time past kept up an illicit connection with the female prisoner, and that Michel had on one occasion found them together and fired at Peyrier, although without hitting him. From that time the latter meditated projects of vengeance, in which he was encouraged by the woman. On the morning of the 16th of June last the body of Michel was found lying dead just inside a wood by the roadside, and not more than fifty paces from a cart drawn by two oxen, which he had been conducting. The body had been pierced by two balls which must have caused instant death, and the head had also been violently struck apparently with the butt-end of a gun. As the prisoner had been seen with a gun near the place where the murder was committed, he was arrested on suspicion, and soon after his gun was found at a gunsmith's in the town, where he had left it for repairs. It was evident that both barrels had been recently discharged, and on the stock, which was broken, were stains of blood with human hair adhering to them. The prisoner at first protested his innocence, but, finding the evidence too clear against him, he at last confessed his guilt, and stated all the circumstances of the murder, adding that the female prisoner had instigated him to commit it. The truth of this last statement was supported by several of her letters which were found in his possession, and she was accordingly arrested. In court the male prisoner persisted in his confession, but the women denied the adulterous intercourse between them, and protested that she had not encouraged him to commit the murder. The jury, however, considered the evidence conclusive against both prisoners, but gave them the benefit of extenuating circumstances, and they were accordingly sentenced to hard labour for life. The *Cour d'Assises* gives the following account of a murder committed at Pont St. Esprit, in that department, on the person of a woollen draper, named Blanc. The neighbours, being much surprised to find his shop open at a very early hour entered to ascertain the cause, and on going into the room behind found M. Blanc lying dead on the floor in a pool of blood. On his head were twelve wounds, apparently inflicted with a butcher's any one of which would have been mortal. The crime appeared to have been an act of vengeance, as the bureau in the room containing 1,367, had not been opened, nor was there any appearance of the place having been ransacked. The police are making active researches to discover the murderer. The Court of Assizes of the Somme has tried a man named Dathy, aged seventy, on a charge of murdering, in the month of June last, a travelling tinner named Chapelle, at Marquais. It appeared from the evidence that a farmer, named Chapart, residing at Marquais, on going to one of his barns, at some distance from the homestead, saw a man lying on the hay apparently asleep; but on approaching nearer he found that the man was dead, and had been murdered by stabs with a knife. He at once gave information to the police, and an inquiry was instituted which led to the arrest of the prisoner, who had been seen to leave the barn not long before. On examining the prisoner's clothes several bloodstains, partially washed out, were found, and witnesses came forward who deposed that they had seen him in possession of several pieces of gold since the murder. When asked to account for the employment of his time during the last three days the prisoner made several statements which were proved to be false, but at last confessed that, having no lodging, he had gone to the barn to pass the night, and had just fallen asleep, when he was awakened by an attack from the deceased, whom he killed in self-defence. All the circumstances of the case showed the falsehood of this story, and the medical witnesses proved that from the direction and depth of the wounds, which went right through the heart and lungs, the murdered man must have been lying down, and the murderer standing over him. The prisoner could offer no explanation as to how he obtained the money seen in his possession, and as two previous convictions for robbery were put in against him, the jury brought in a verdict of "Guilty," with extenuating circumstances. The court sentenced him to twenty years' hard labour.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUMS IN THE TEMPLE GARDENS.

THE chrysanthemum, or, as the word denotes *golden flower*, in full bloom, is one whose beauty is all the more prized because it appears in its glory after other flowers have faded. The many varieties of the chrysanthemum are at this season nowhere to be seen to greater advantage than in the Temple Gardens, an engraving of which appears in our present number. The inhabitants of London are under great obligations to Mr. Broome, the gardener of the Inner Temple Gardens, for the perfection to which he has brought this plant. The public show their appreciation of his taste by crowding, day after day, to the gardens. In our view of the Inner Temple Gardens will be seen a representation of the old trunk of a sycamore tree. After speaking of these gardens as the scene of the quarrel in which the White and Red Roses were assumed as badges of the Houses of York and Lancaster, Mr. Broome, in his admirable Handbook, refers to the venerable trunk in the following terms:—

"There is one object of attraction in these gardens which I cannot pass over, and regarding which I have to answer numerous inquiries: this is the trunk of an old sycamore tree, which died about ten years since, and is now protected by an iron railing (represented in our engraving). This venerable tree marks the site of the old Thames Wall, on which it was planted, or rather growing in the reign of James the Second; and here, under its shade, on what was then the margin of the river, Dr. Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, and their companions, used to sit for hours in the summer months."

On the day of our visit we were glad to hear from Mr. Broome that the gardens are visited by the sons of toil; and that through the abating of the smoke nuisance he is enabled to bring the chrysanthemums to great perfection.

During our short visit we were particularly struck with the beauty of the arrangement of the chrysanthemums. The following varieties are beautiful in form, and of extraordinary size:—King, Queen of England, Alfred Walter, Leon Leguay, Orlando, Plutus, Vesta, Sydenham, Pio Nono, Madame Poggi, Golden Cluster, and Beauty. Here there are not only borders crowded with large chrysanthemums, but pampoues, of small button variety, in every shade of colour, bedded out with excellent effect on the lawn; the beds are planted to design, the centre being yellow, and the various colours radiating from it producing an effect not to be obtained by any other genus of plants, and displaying great skill, not only in the cultivation but in the grouping of colours.

We recommend all our London readers, who have an hour to spare, to visit the Temple Gardens before the severe weather sets in, and the glory of the chrysanthemums has departed for the season.

TRIAL FOR BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

IN the Court of Queen's Bench, on Monday, was tried the case of Hudson v. Todd, being an action by a young woman, aged nineteen, who sued by her next friend for breach of promise of marriage against a small farmer in Durham. The cause was tried before Mr. Justice Mellor at the last assizes for that county, when it appeared that the girl had been in the service of the defendant from Martinmas, 1858, to Martinmas, 1861, when she left pregnant, and that she had been delivered of a child in April last at her brother-in-law's, where she had lived three or four months previously. Her father was called to prove that he had gone to the defendant and asked him if he was going to marry her, or what. But there was hardly any evidence of a promise of marriage except four letters, which were put in on the part of the plaintiff as the letters of the defendant, and two of which, if genuine, contained, it will be seen, abundant evidence of such a promise. The evidence of the authorship of these letters, however, was somewhat slight; a witness was called who had seen the defendant write one, and a receipt, undoubtedly signed by him, was produced for comparison, but this varied from letters in the spelling of the defendant's name. Three of the letters were produced with their envelopes, which bore the proper postmark and appeared to have been duly posted, and the plaintiff's brother-in-law proved that two of them had been received by her by post while living at his house. These two there had been a notice before trial to inspect and admit, and they had been accordingly inspected, but not admitted, by the defendant's attorney. They contained, however, it will be observed, nothing material as to the alleged promise of marriage, and of the two which did contain such matter there had been no notice to admit, and they were proved simply by the slight evidence of handwriting and their production, one of them with the envelope—that of the other being missing. The first of the four was dated 28th of December, 1861, and bore the postmark 20th of December, 1861, and it ran thus:—

"Dear Love,—You must come to Bishop's Auckland on the 31st; come to the train. Stop till I come there."

The other of the two letters, of which notice had been given, was dated the 17th of January, 1862, and it ran thus:

"Dear Love,—Come to Bishop's Auckland on Thursday, and I will meet you there. You must come by the train, and I will meet you there. From your beloved."

There was this confirmatory evidence as regarded these two letters, that on the Thursday in question the defendant was proved to have met the plaintiff at a public-house at Bishop's Auckland. These two letters, however, it will be observed, contained nothing as to marriage. The other two letters, of which no notice had been given, were both dated in December, 1862—a month not yet arrived. The first was dated December 4th, 1862, and it ran thus:—

"My dear Love,—I mean to marry you before long—before you have the child. The house is so dull; it is not the same as when you are there. Take no note of any one but me; I will marry no other girl but you."

"I remain, your love, "ANTONY."

The defendant's signature to the receipt, admitted to be genuine, was spelt with the "h"—"Anthony." The other of the two letters was dated December 8, 1862, and it was of a similar character. At the trial the learned counsel for the defendant denounced all four letters as forgeries; but no witnesses were called on the part of the defendant to disprove them, and he could not himself be called in an action for breach of promise of marriage. The jury found for the plaintiff—damages, 150*l.*, but the learned judge stayed execution, and directed the letters to be impounded.

Mr. T. Campbell Foster now moved on the part of the defendant for a new trial on the ground of surprise, and also on the ground that the letters were not forgeries. He moved on affidavits of five persons that the letters were not in the hand writing of the defendant, and that they were in the hand writing of the plaintiff; and he pressed the incongruity of the dates, the variation in the signature, and other circumstances, as sufficiently showing that the letters were not genuine.

Mr. Justice Mellor observed, that as to the mere variation in the mode of spelling the man's name, that might not be very material considering his situation in life; and also added that the learned counsel had addressed the jury forcibly on the case, and said that they had taken the letters and envelopes with them when considering their verdict; and, moreover, the learned counsel had not called witnesses to disprove them.

Mr. Foster observed that the defendant could not be called, and that he was not provided with witnesses to disprove letters of which he had never heard. There was the surprise; notice had been given to admit two letters which contained nothing material, and then at the trial two others were produced which went direct to the proof of the promise.

Mr. Justice Mellor said it was suggested at the trial that the notice had only been given as to the two material letters, because it was hoped that, not being material, they would have been admitted, and then, by comparison of handwriting, they might have gone to prove the others. (A laugh.)

Mr. Foster said no doubt the case was put very adroitly at the trial. But as there was no evidence of the promise except these letters the verdict could scarcely be satisfactory.

The court granted a rule nisi to set aside the verdict and have a new trial.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

The returns made up in April show the enrolled strength of the Volunteer force in the several counties of England as follows:—Bedfordshire, 449; Berkshire, 1,250; Buckinghamshire, 404; Cambridgeshire, 1,251; Cheshire, 3,622; Cinque Ports, 1,332; Cornwall, 4,358; Cumberland, 1,252; Derbyshire, 1,866; Devonshire, 4,358; Dorset, 1,114; Durham, 8,186; Essex, 8,120; Gloucestershire, 2,802; Hampshire, 2,730; Herefordshire, 546; Hertfordshire, 974; Huntingdonshire, 304; Isle of Man, 283; Isle of Wight, 527; Kent, 5,672; Lancashire, 17,146; Leicestershire, 686; Lincolnshire, 1,852; London, 3,051; Middlesex, 16,505; Monmouthshire, 1,739; Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1,041; Norfolk, 2,047; Northamptonshire, 956; Northumberland, 1,678; Nottinghamshire, 1,482; Oxfordshire, 1,070; Shropshire, 350; Somerset, 2,262; Staffordshire, 3,474; Suffolk, 1,802; Surrey, 4,423; Sussex, 2,057; Tower Hamlets, 2,693; Warwickshire, 1,725; Westmoreland, 402; Wiltshire, 1,494; Worcestershire, 1,680; Yorkshire—East Riding, 1,692; North Riding, 1,545; West Riding, 8,777. The total force enrolled in the whole of Great Britain was 119,285 in April, 1860, 161,400 in 1861, 162,681 in 1862; this last number being composed of 662 Light Horse, 24,363 Artillery, 2,901 Engineers, 656 Mounted Rifle and 181,096 Rifle Volunteers. It will be noticed that the last return shows no falling off, but a small increase on 1861.

ACCORDING to the monthly return by the Poor-law Board, the increase in the fifth week of September last, in England and Wales, compared with the same period last year, was 185,466.

FROM the numerous examples of the Sewing Machine exhibited, we select one, because it is the one that has been best subjected to the influence of Art. It is indeed a very handsome piece of drawing-room furniture, and may be properly placed among articles of a more ambitious character. It is certainly the best of many candidates for public favour, and is known as the "Wilcox and Gibbs Sewing Machine." Circulars post-free, on application at No. 1, Ludgate Hill, E.C.—*Art Journal*, August, 1862.

OTHO THE FIRST, LATE KING OF GREECE.

Otto I, ex-King of Greece (whose portrait we give), is the second son of the ex King Louis of Bavaria, and was born at Salzburg, June 1, 1815. He was educated at Munich by Councillor Ettli, with the assistance of Schelling, Thiersch, and other distinguished men. Afterwards he took several journeys into Germany and Italy. After Greece was separated from Turkey, King Leopold (that was to be of the Belgians) took a stern prosaic view of the offer, and declined the crown—to the disadvantage of Greece, no doubt, but manifestly to the advantage of Belgium and his own. Then, as the new king must belong to neither of the protecting powers, all Germany was ransacked; and at length, after the formalities of a preliminary convention of London, and a treaty, ratified by the King of Bavaria, an unfortunate but strictly moral young man, of seventeen, who had received the education of a priest, and was harmless enough for a cloister, was fixed upon, and nearly thirty years ago it was that Prince Otto accepted the crown of Greece. For three years his Government was administered by a council of regency; while the young Bavarian prince was taking lessons in wearing the Greek costume, and a host of Bavarian philologues were teaching him to talk Greek. In 1835 he "assumed the reins of Government," and in the winter of the following year he married a lady of high spirit, the Princess Amelia of Oldenburg, excelling in all the qualities in which her royal husband was deficient, and who very soon took the reins out of his hands. Since 1836, Greece has been governed by Queen Amelia. The conduct of the King and Queen of Greece has not, it must be confessed, inspired their subjects with even a provisional or passing affection. Insignificance on the one side has not atoned for haughtiness on the other. While the King has been the nerveless puppet of a feminine will, the Queen has expended all the exuberance of an arrogant and exacting temperament upon idle dreams of ambition, instead of devoting her energies to the more modest task of administering with beneficent activity her husband's kingdom, and

attending to the people at home. No doubt the protecting Powers made a signal blunder in the selection of such a monarchy for such a people. An ineradicable defect of sympathy exists between your lumbering, fish-eyed Bavarian and your restless, quick-witted Greek.

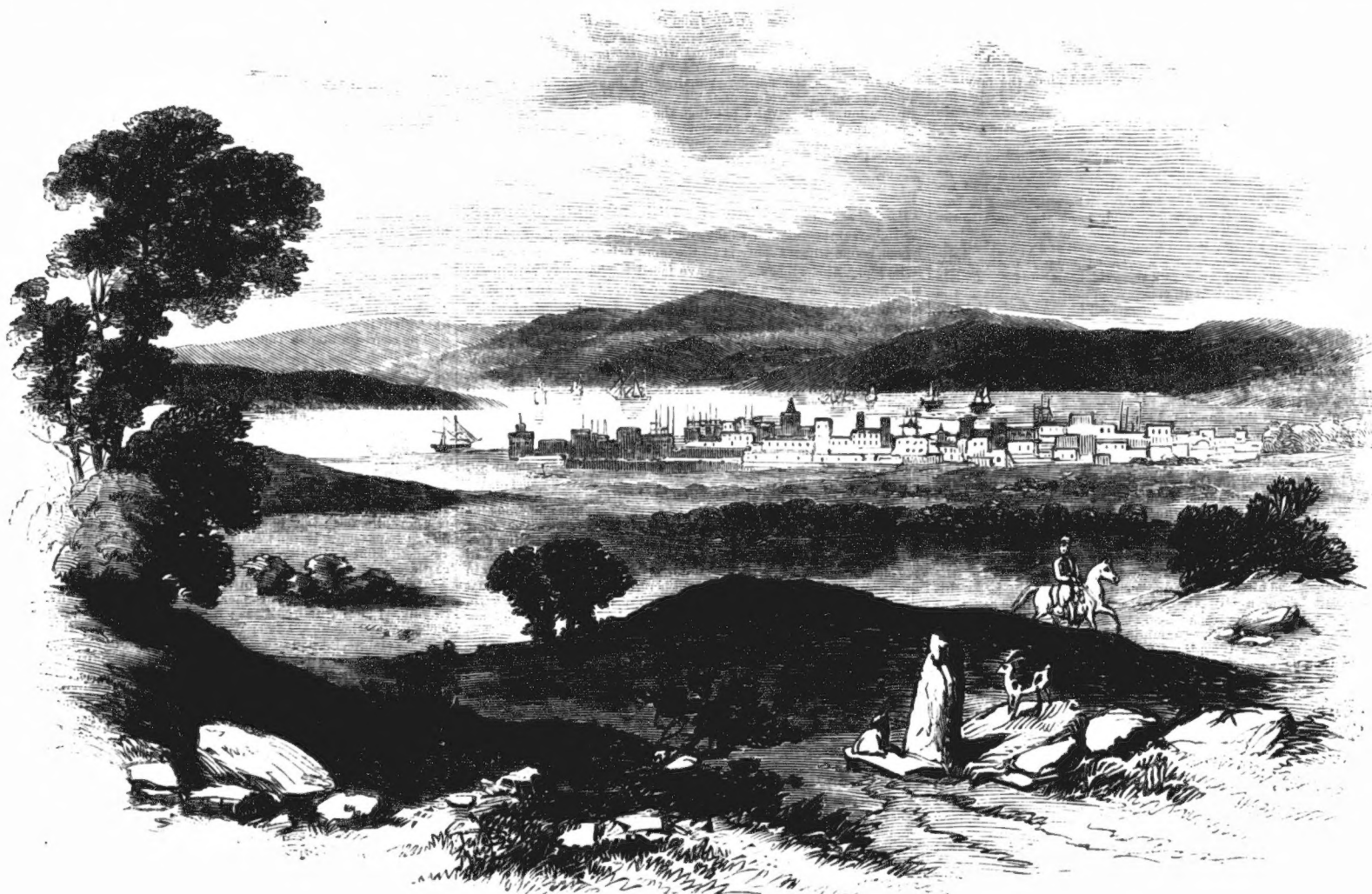
only pieces of valueless paper, had contented himself with what he considered the only thing worth having.—*Sunderland Times*.
The marriage of Mdle. Barbara Marchisio, the singer, with General Cialdini, is announced in the Paris journals.

The revolt which broke out in Western Greece was the inevitable sequel of the military insurrection which was not quelled, but induced to surrender, at Nauplia in the summer. The Government was just able to compel the Nauplian garrison to capitulate, and was glad enough to grant them an amnesty and let the chiefs depart. It was no secret that the affair at Nauplia was but a partial and precipitate outbreak of a widespread, deeply-seated, and elaborately-organized national movement, which was to pause only with the deposition of the reigning dynasty. The time for the larger insurrection was confidently announced, and it has been kept with remarkable punctuality. The disturbances, it seems, first broke out in Western Greece. A Provisional Government was established at Patras for the maintenance of order. The revolution—for such undoubtedly it is—was so well concerted, that there was no sign of anarchy or confusion. Athens has at length pronounced against the dynasty and the King has abdicated, and taken his departure. He embarked on board a Greek ship for the Piræus (a beautiful palace, an illustration of which we give below), but the crew showing signs of discontent, he left her for an English steamer, which conveyed him to Venice, from whence both King and Queen took their departure for Munich.

A few days ago two ladies, coming in the direction of Sunderland, discovered that they were minus four Bank of England five pound notes, which had been carefully wrapped in a pocket-handkerchief, and for safety carried in the hand of one of them. In haste they returned in search of their treasure, and were agreeably surprised to find the whole of the notes flying before a gentle breeze in the centre of the turnpike-road. The handkerchief was nowhere to be seen, and it is believed that some person had found it, and supposing its contents to be



OTHO I, LATE KING OF GREECE.



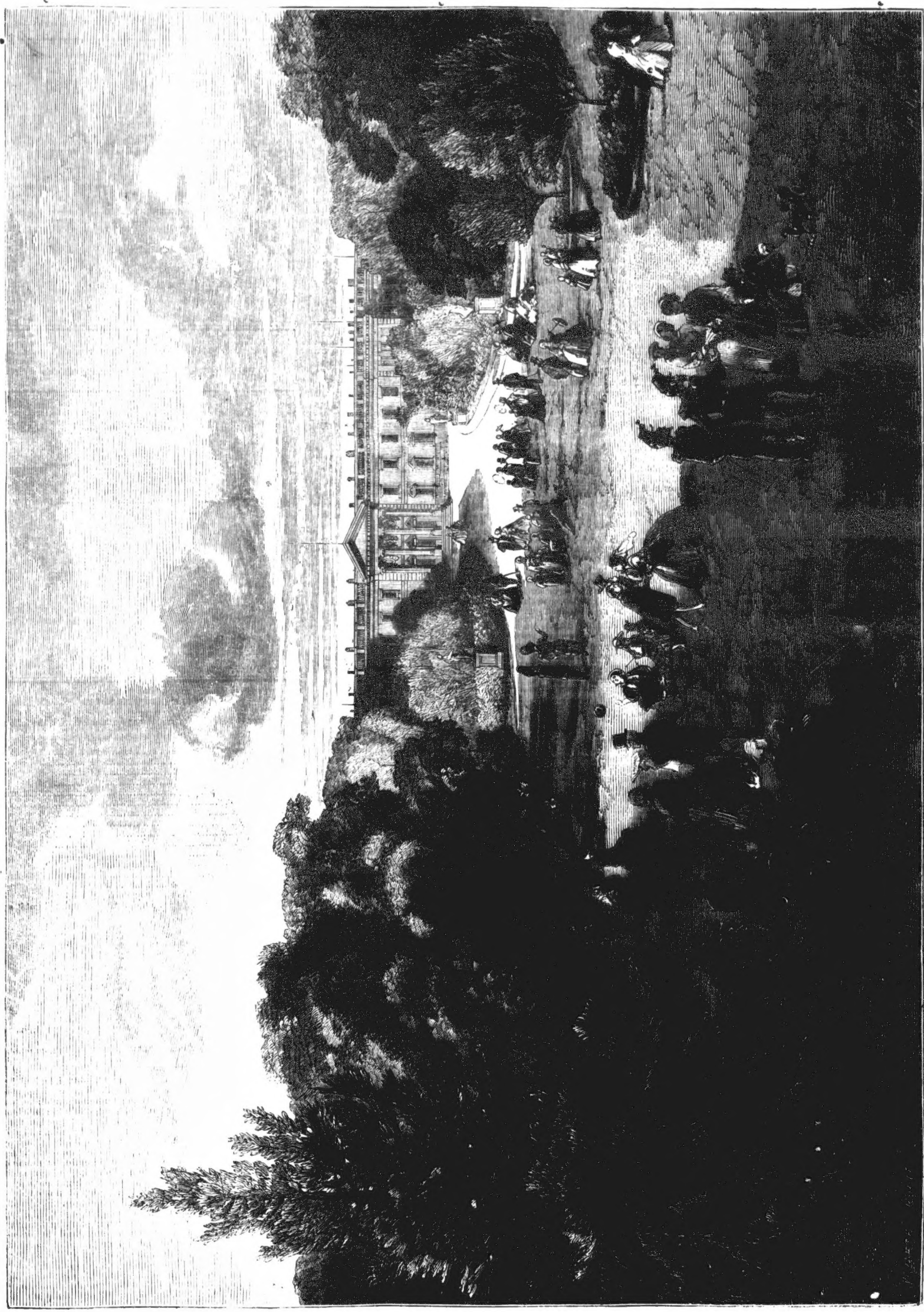
THE PIRÆUS, GREECE

PENNY.

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ONE PENNY.]



THE AUTUMNAL VISIT OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON TO COMPEIGNE (See page 72.)

The Court.

Her Majesty the Queen, with the junior members of the royal family, will remain in comparative seclusion at Osborne until Friday, the 4th inst., on which day it is the Queen's intention to proceed to Windsor Castle, where active preparations are being made for her reception. The court will remain at Windsor Castle for a fortnight, when the Queen will return to Osborne; but it is not yet decided that her Majesty will spend her Christmas at Windsor.—*Curt Jowara.*

Viscount Palmerston arrived on Saturday from Broadlands, and had an audience of her Majesty.

The Queen held a council on Saturday, at one o'clock, at which were present Earl Granville, Viscount Palmerston and Lord Stanley of Alderley. Mr. Helps, the Clerk of the Council, attended.

The Queen on Saturday received her Majesty's near connexion, the Grand Duke of Baden, who arrived from London on a visit to her Majesty.

Viscount Palmerston left Osborne on Saturday for Broadlands. On Sunday morning divine service was performed by the Rev. G. Prothero before her Majesty, their Royal Highnesses Prince Alfred, Princess Helena, Princess Louise, Prince Leopold, and the Grand Duke.

His Royal Highness Prince Alfred, attended by Major Cowell, has left Osborne, and embarked on board the St. George, which sails immediately for Lisbon.

The Hon. Victoria Stuart Wortley has succeeded the Hon. Beatrice Byng as maid of honour, and Lord Charles Fitz Roy has succeeded Lieutenant-General the Hon. C. Grey as equerry in waiting to her Majesty.

CLOSING OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

THE Great Exhibition of 1862 is as much a thing of the past as the Great Exhibition of 1851. On Saturday there were no fewer than 86,258 visitors, an unusually large proportion of whom, or 16,434, were season-ticket holders. But for the unusual numbers there was nothing to show that the day was different from any preceding Saturday. The people paced up and down the nave looking at the "trophies," at Mr. Grace's roof, at the domes, at each other. They sat on forms and chatted or listened to the music, which was poured forth from every organ, harmonium, and orchestra in the building, and they lounged for the promised improvement National Anthem. Many of them filled up the interval by visiting, for the reflection of the inner man, Mr. Worris's well-supplied saloons, which were crowded to such an extent that about three o'clock it was difficult to find a seat.

About three o'clock a current of the crowds set in towards the western dome, where the National Anthem was to be sung. By half-past three it was impossible to get any nearer to the western dais than the entrance to the French Court, so thickly were the people packed. By "dodging" through the side courts several thousands reached each of the western transepts, which were speedily filled, and hundreds of others wisely betook themselves to the galleries, where, armed with opera-glasses, they surveyed the nave from Prussia to the Victorian gold trophy. By four o'clock half the nave was filled, and as yet there was no inconsiderable crowd hanging above the platform of the eastern dome, perhaps afraid to mix with the crowd in the nave, perhaps disinclined to listen to the closing feature, perhaps suspicious that a similar performance would be attempted in the neighbourhood of the Maples fountain. Nor were they altogether disappointed in this anticipation; for here was the real impetus, first in the west being as much an arranged thing as was the music at the opening six months before. On and around the western dais were marshalled a body of vocalists, members of the Sacred Harmonic Society, who, under the direction of Mr. Lindon, took up a good position. When the last sound of the bells striking the hour of four had died away the organ in the western gallery thundered forth the notes of "God Save the Queen," and the other organs throughout the building took up the strain. Every hat was removed, and the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society lent their voices to swell the sublime melody of Dr. John Bull. Only a few among the crowd joined in the anthem, but at its close they made up in musical enthusiasm for their lack of musical demonstration. There was an unmistakable encore, which, after a little was complied with, and at the close of the repetition the French national air was demanded and given with a will, being preceded, however, by Mendelssohn's Wedding March and a Rife Galop. The last musical performance was "Rule Britannia," and in it not merely the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society, but the bulk of the visitors joined. "Britons never, never, never, shall be slaves," had scarcely died away when there arose from the masses in the nave and the crowds in the transepts, and the throngs in the galleries, a shout of magnitudes, followed by another of still greater strength, and another and another. White handkerchiefs and black hats were mingled in the vast enthusiasm; and now the Exhibition was over; the last cheer was its requiem.

The total number of visitors to the two Exhibitions (1851 and 1862, now stand thus:—

1851.	
Open from 1st May to 11th October inclusive—24 weeks, 141 Exhibition days.	
Season tickets (part y estimated).....	773,771
Payment (vouchered)	5,265,429
Total	6,039,200
1862.	
Open from 1st May to 1st November inclusive—27 weeks, 159 Exhibition days:—	
Season tickets (including free list).....	1,015,789
Payment and day tickets (unvouchered)	5,068,080
Total	6,083,869

The above shows a total balance in favour of 1862 of 71,669 visitors; but, notwithstanding the extension of time of this Exhibition, the balance of admissions by payment at the door is still in favour of 1851 by 170,844. The daily average of visitors in 1851 was 42,830; in 1862 it has only been 38,486, or 4,400 less.

A PLEASANT PLACE TO LIVE IN.—Some idea may be formed of the state of things in Tipperary, when we mention that a witness at the sessions for the county had, the other day, to be closely guarded by two constables, who sat near him with loaded muskets!

A BLACK JOKER.—A gentleman who has just returned from the borders of Pennsylvania relates the following:—After the rebel cavalry left Chambersburg on their way towards Gettysburg, when about twelve miles distant from the former place, they met a large funeral procession, which they ordered to come to a halt. Dismounting from their own horses, they selected forty-three of the best horses in the procession, and amongst them the horse attached to the hearse. No violence was used; but, on the contrary, the greatest politeness was displayed towards the surprised mourners. At length one of the funeral escort demanded to know by whose orders their horses were thus taken. The reply was, "By order of General McClellan; they are wanted for the army." As soon as the funeral horses were properly secured by their captors, they pursued their way to the Potomac, leaving the afflicted friends to find their way with the corpse to the place of burial as they best might.

Theatricals, Music, etc.

COVENT GARDEN.—The new opera, "Love's Triumph," the libretto by the veteran Planché, and music by Mr. Wallace, was produced on Monday, and met with a most unanimous verdict of approval by one of the largest audiences ever assembled in the new theatre; and there is no doubt that it is a work that adds to the well-merited honours which Mr. Wallace has already gained. The subject is gay and comic, with a slight infusion of romantic interest; the plot is ingenious, and the dialogue good. The scene is laid in France, in the time, the Regent, Duke of Orleans, the dissolute successor of Louis XIV, whose daughter is affianced to the Prince of Modena. At a fête given in her honour by the Marquis de Poix, a retainer of the Court, one Adolph Savigny is introduced to her, and starts at the resemblance she bears to one to whom he is devoted. She is subsequently rescued by him from the attack of a wolf at a grand hunt, and loads him, in return, with expressions of her gratitude and favour. In the encounter with the animal, Adolph loses a portrait, which reaches the hands of the Princess. It is seemingly her own portrait, and she naturally infers that the youth is devoted by a hopeless passion for herself, which creates a dangerous influence on her own heart. She then uses her influence with the Regent, and obtains for him letters of nobility. It is here necessary to advert to other characters in the plot. A Count de Camille, cousin of the Marquis, is about to retrieve his shattered fortunes by a marriage with the daughter of one Von Groot, a rich burgomaster, who, on his presentation at Court, is overwhelmed with astonishment to behold in the Princess apparently his own daughter; while Adolph sees in Von Groot the father of the object of his love. The third act is devoted to the clearing up of the imbroglio created by the likeness of the Princess to the burgomaster's daughter, which we leave to the curiosity of the reader. Miss Pyne was the Princess and Von Groot's daughter; Mr. Harrison the Marquis, Mr. Perren the Adolph, Mr. Corri, Mr. Weiss, and Madame Laura Baxter were likewise included in the cast. The opera abounds in most charming music, with a number of pretty songs and ballads, which ere long will be heard in every street, so popular must they inevitably become. The overture is founded on themes heard in the course of the opera; it was loudly encored. The great gem of the work is Miss Pyne's grand scena "Oh, rank, thou hast thy shackles." Our space forbids our extending this notice; suffice it to say, in point of scenery, dresses, and decorations, nothing was wanting to give full effect to this unquestionable success.

OLYMPIC.—A new farce, entitled, "A Southerner Just Arrived," was produced on Monday, with entire success.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Mr. Phelps has been this week playing in "Hamlet," the "Fool's Revenge," and "King Lear,"—we need hardly say, to crowded and enthusiastic audiences. "The Provost," by another English opera company, is to be produced on Monday.

STRAND.—Miss M. Marshall, after a lengthened absence from England, re-appeared on Monday in a new farce called "Jack's Delight." She was greeted with noisy light by a crowded house; and by her impersonation of a Barnstable dame, whose husband is supposed to have died abroad, and she is consequently on the lookout for his successor. The fun created by her schemes for this object gave the material for some capital acting, which resulted in the announcement of "Jack's Delight" until further notice.

ALHAMBRA.—A new debutante and aspirant for honours in the sensation line has appeared here in the person of Omar, whose daring deeds, which are almost more than enough for the most ardent lovers of peril us performances, must be seen to be understood. Leotard, Blondin, &c., must now hide their diminished heads.

EMIGRATION OF EDUCATED FEMALES.

ON Saturday night a meeting was held, under the auspices of the Social Science Association, at their rooms, Waterloo-place, with the immediate object of wishing Miss Maria Rye "God speed" in her undertaking of taking out a large number of females to the Australian colonies, and generally to promote the emigration of educated females. The Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, M.P., occupied the chair. The meeting, which was very fully attended, was honoured by the presence of Lady Franklin, Mrs. Craig, Mrs. Crowe and several other ladies who have interested themselves in promoting the social well-being of their sisterhood.

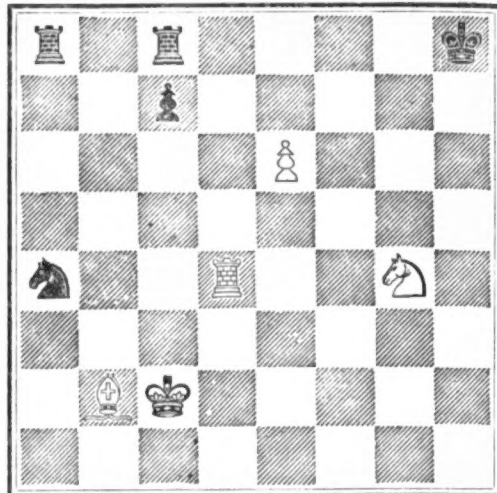
The CHAIRMAN having briefly explained the objects of the meeting, Mr. HASTINGS, on the part of Miss Rye, drew the attention of the meeting to the importance of emigration as connected with women of the middle classes. For such women, notwithstanding all the philanthropic efforts of those associations which have most actively exerted themselves to open up new sources of industry in which females may be employed, there was, he said, in this country but few and limited employments, and therefore it became desirable, in order to relieve the pressure of the market, to draft them off to the colonies, where their presence would have the best possible effect, morally and socially, in giving a tone to society there. Hitherto, however, there had been three great difficulties in the way of sending such women out to our colonies. In the first place, there was the difficulty of ascertaining who were the fit and proper women to send out; secondly, the moral dangers of the voyage, as there existed no sufficient and reliable organization on board of the emigrant ships to protect such passengers from insult; and, thirdly, there was the difficulty of providing them with suitable employment when they landed. Miss Rye had undertaken the task of getting rid of those difficulties. By the agency of the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women she was able to fix upon those who were worthy of being assisted to emigrate, and likely to make good colonists when landed. She was herself about to make the voyage in charge of one hundred women, of whom eight were governesses, thirty factory operatives, and the remaining sixty-two domestic servants. She would thus be enabled to ascertain the organization necessary to secure female comfort and morality on board of our emigrant ships, and when she landed she would form local committees of ladies, who would receive future emigrants upon their landing, and keep them until they got provided with employment. She had already, by imparting trustworthy information from the colonies, and by making pecuniary advances, assisted 280 other women to emigrate. The system of advancing ladies loans to defray the cost of emigration had worked most satisfactorily, and might with safety be very greatly extended.

A short discussion followed this exposition of Miss Rye's views and plans, in which the chairman, Mr. Monckton Milnes, Mr. E. Chadwick, and others took part, and a resolution was adopted approving of all Miss Rye had been doing, and praying for success upon her enterprise, when the proceedings terminated.

AN ANCIENT BRIDEGRROOM.—The other day, in consequence of the marriage of Sir James Duke, Bart, M.P., which took place at St. Mary's Church, Islington, the churchwardens of St. Sepulchre and St. Bride's, in recognition of the honourable gentleman's services as all man of the ward, and as one of the members of the House of Commons for the City, caused the bells of St. Sepulchre and St. Bride's to ring out merry peals. Sir James, who was never before married, is in his 71st year, having been born in 1792.

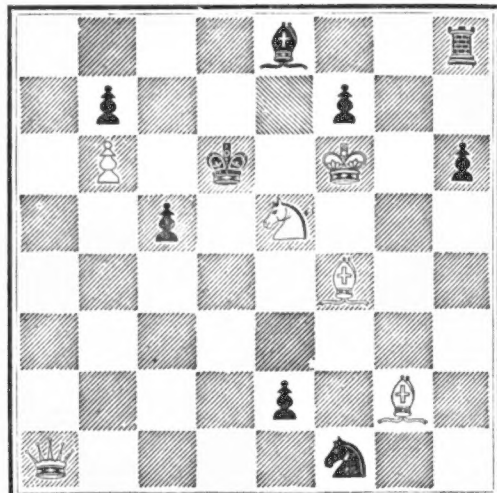
Chess.

PROBLEM No. 69.—By CALAL.
Black.



White to mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 70.—By T. SMITH, Spitalfields.
Black.



White to mate in three moves.

J. REEVES.—The grand tournament terminated with the following result:—

	Won.	Lost.
Anderssen	12	1
Paulsen	11	2
Owen	10	3
M'Donnell	9	4
Dubois	8	5
Steinitz	8	5
Hannah	7	6
Balme	7	6
Green	1	12
Robey	2	11
Mongredien	4	9
Deacon		
Lowenthal		Resigned
Blackburn		

J. W. R.—Your problems shall have early attention.
A LEARNER.—The opening moves of the Cochrane Gambit are as under:—

White.	Black.
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. P to K B 4	2. P takes P
3. K to B 3	3. P to K Kt 4
4. B to Q B 4	4. P to K Kt 5
5. K Kt to K 5	5. Q to K R 5 (ch)
6. K to B square	6. P to K B 6
7. B takes K B P (ch)	7. K to K 2
8. P takes P	8. P to Q 3
9. B takes Kt	9. P takes Kt

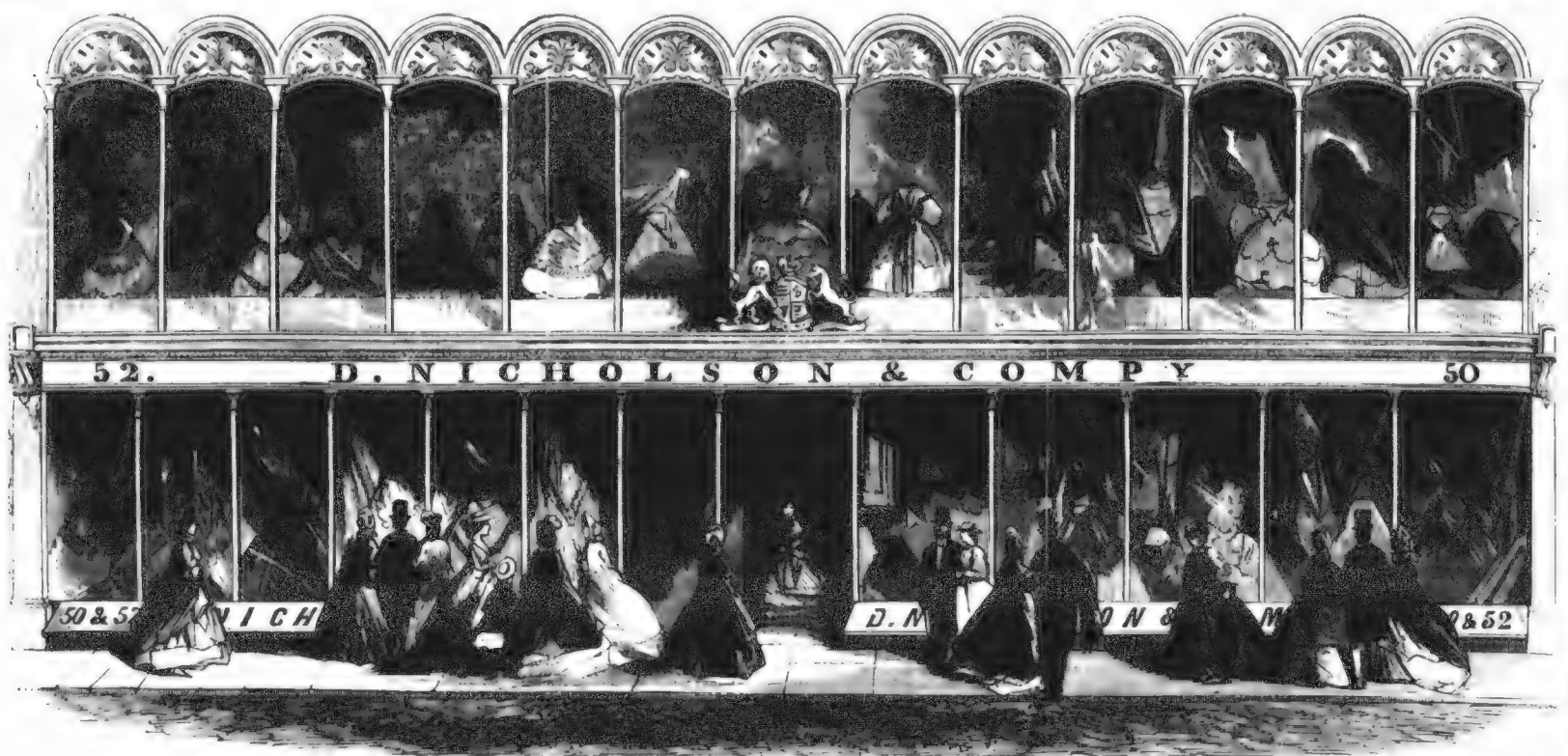
R. J. WEBB.—Your problem is a very simple mate in three moves beginning with Kt to K B 8.

T. C.—We see no objection to a Pawn taking a Pawn en passant in a problem.

ATTEMPTED CHILD VURDER AT HEREFORD.—At Hereford, between three and four o'clock on Saturday afternoon, a tramp, who gives the name of Caroline Eddy, and represents herself as belonging to Bath, made a very determined attempt to take the life of her youngest child, a boy about fifteen months old. She had three other children with her, the eldest a youth of about fifteen, and having sent these away she turned out of Widemarsh-street, a main thoroughfare, into Blackfriars-street, which consists of very few houses. There she attempted to strangle the child by means of a strong piece of string tied twice round its neck. A lady residing in the neighbourhood observed the woman doing something to the child, and heard a stifled moan. Having called the attention of a carpenter who was at work, to the circumstance, he instantly went into the street to the woman. It was found the child was black in the face, and that its tongue was protruding from the mouth. The head of the child was thrown back, and then it was perceived that there was a cord round the neck, drawn so tightly as to be almost concealed by the folds of the flesh. The cord was severed immediately, but this could not be accomplished without the knife that was used being almost buried in the flesh. The child revived, and was afterwards, with the other children, removed to the workhouse. The woman was taken into custody. She stated that her husband is an inmate of a lunatic asylum at Bath, and that, having nothing to give the child, she had resolved to destroy it. The appearance of the woman, who is of middle age, does not denote very great distress, and she seems perfectly sane.

GREEN WICK.

THRUSTING THE POPE IN HER FACE.—Mary Foley, a middle-aged woman, of Clarke's buildings, East street, was placed in the dock before Mr. Maude, charged with being drunk and creating a disturbance in the public streets. The officer who had been called upon to remove her from the place at answer, he had to make to the charge. The prisoner of the prison for the first time in my face, and jeered me about the Catholic Church, and I told them, of course, that the Pope was the Catholic Church (Laughter). Mr. Maude: But what have you to say to using the language imputed to you? Prisoner: Well, you see, I had had something to drink, as the people blackguarded me, of course, at least I suppose so, I must have blackguarded them. (Loud laughter.) Mr. Maude: Is the prisoner known? Bickles (the gaoler): She has been discharged here with being drunk a few days ago, and your worship then discharged her on her promising never again to taste any intoxicating drink. (Laughter.) The prisoner: Yes, your worship, and that is true; I own to it. (Laughter.) But the fact is, your worship, my friend called on me yesterday, and took me out and gave me a ship, and I couldn't help taking it. (Laughter.) But if you don't mind me drink, and I ordered him to take it. (Laughter.) At this time, Mr. Maude (at the same time striking her forehead violently) never from this time, I promise you, will you ever be drinking again; and you shan't see me here again for four years. (Hours of laughter.) Mr. Boustead (chief clerk): You have been drinking this morning while out on bail. The prisoner: If I've had, I do assure you, has only been once or twice out of the police. (Loud laughter.) Mr. Maude declined taking any further notice on the part of the prisoner to abstain from drink, and ordered her to pay a fine of 5s., or to be imprisoned for seven days. The prisoner: The Lord bless your worship, but I'll pay up with the greatest pleasure which I can get it. (Laughter.) She was then removed in custody.



MESSRS. NICHOLSON'S PREMISES, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS.

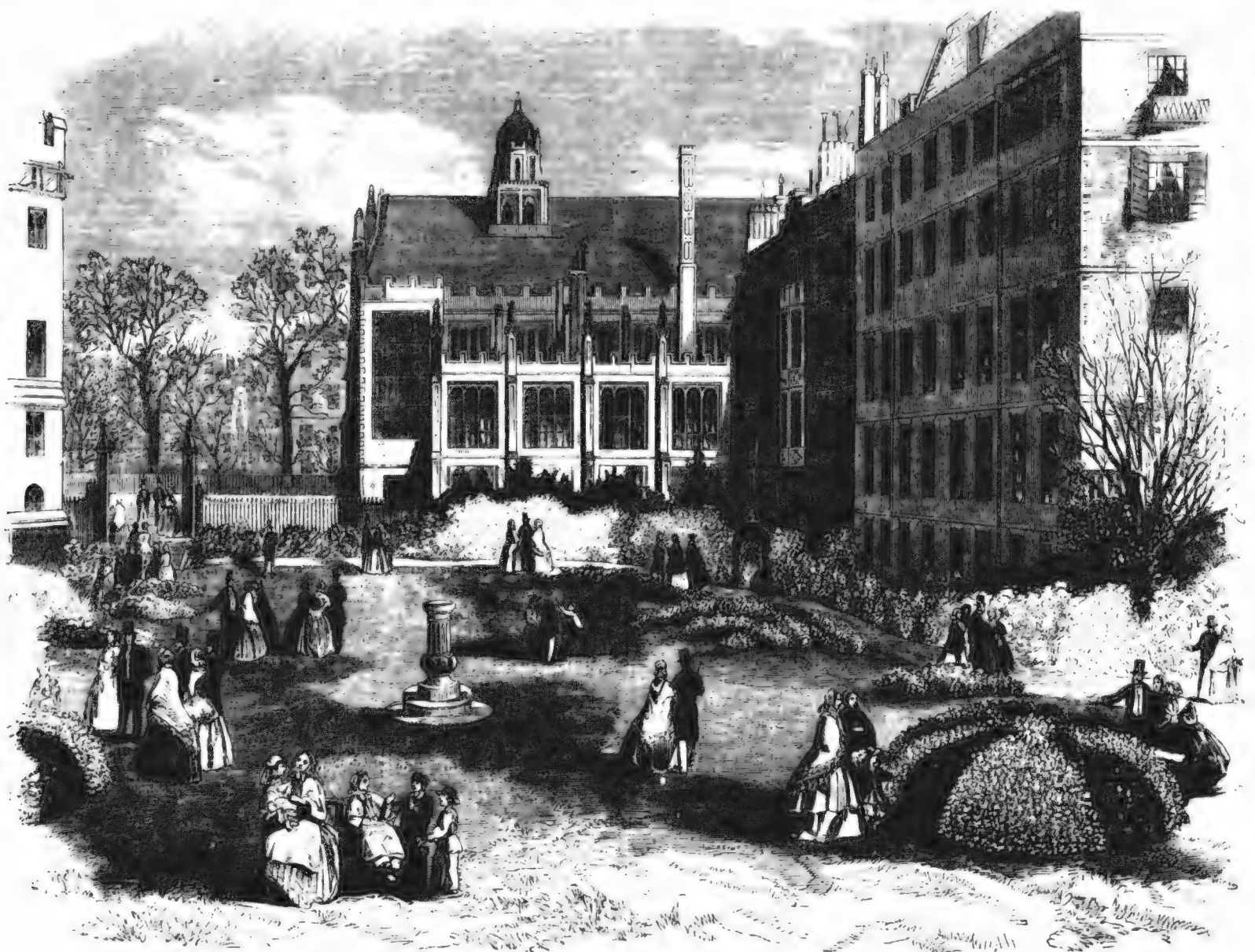
MESSRS. NICHOLSON'S PREMISES, ST. PAUL'S-CHURCHYARD.

PROGRESS is the order of the day, especially in this huge metropolis. The last few years have seen wonderful changes, not only in the costly wares with which buyers are tempted, but even in the architecture of the premises in which their costly wares are retailed. As an illustration we give an engraving this week of some extensive alterations and improvements effected on the premises of Messrs. Nicholson and Co., 50 to 52, St. Paul's-churchyard. This house

has been established for nearly twenty years, and is well known as one of the first in the trade for the speciality of cloaks and shawls. This firm had the honour of making the cloaks worn by her Majesty the Queen and the eldest three daughters of the royal family on the day of the departure of the Princess Royal from England. The extensive alterations now made are for the purpose of extending the silk and dress departments, which now are important branches of their business. The alterations, under the architectural superintendence of R. Roberts, Esq., considerably improve the appearance of this much-frequented corner of St. Paul's. Few situations in the metropolis are more important or better

fitted for the purposes of trade. Every one who comes to London visits St. Paul's and St. Paul's-churchyard. One thing with regard to the construction of Messrs. Nicholson's premises may be referred to as an architectural novelty—the fronts of the houses are supported upon iron columns which answer the double purpose of columns and sash-bars.

MR. ALDERMAN ROSE, the Lord Mayor elect, was on Monday presented to the Lord Chancellor, in the hall of the Middle Temple, with the usual ceremony.



CHRYSANTHEMUMS.—VIEW OF THE INNER TEMPLE GARDENS. (See page 71.)

MISS SEDGWICK.

THIS most accomplished actress, who has been at the Theatre, Bristol, for years since she gave indication of her peculiar talent for the stage, she has since then brightened her reputation. It was in the summer of 1857, when she made her debut as Julia, in the "Hunchback of the Theatre," that she first appeared, and since then she has existed in the popular imagination. From Richmond, where she went to live, owing to her understanding of the art, she then appeared. She then, in her usual round, gained an enormous provincial success, criticising her own acting as "favourable to the manager of the Theatre," and her own success in the "Hunchback of the Theatre," when she immediately retired from the stage. Mr. Buckle, in his "History of Civilization," has written of her success. Her success was complete. The features of her face were so remarkable, her eyes were so metrical, her voice so average, slightly above the average, blue eyes, brown hair, and a most lovely smile. In private life, Sedgwick was a genuine

LORE ON THE MURDER. The qu

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YES, —had a most harassing case. "W" to her. Why? way? reason? No cloud better struggle. And for her world. I rep of a. Ha soug pract her, smile killing. W If mon, the s which degra the temp also

MISS AMY
SEDGWICK.

THIS most accomplished actress, at present performing at the Princess's Theatre, was born at Bristol about thirty years since, and early gave indications of her peculiar talent for the stage of which she has since become so bright an ornament. It was in the summer of 1853 that Miss Sedgwick first made her appearance as *Julia*, in the play of the "Hunchback," at the Richmond Theatre. She appeared, and at once existed in the light of popular applause. From Richmond she went to Bristol, but owing to some misunderstanding, only appeared one night. She then went the usual provincial round, everywhere gaining the highest encomiums. The provincial papers, criticising the young actress's talents so favourably, induced the manager of the Theatre Royal, Manchester, to offer her an engagement, when she obtained immediate distinction and celebrity. Mr. Buckstone having discovered Miss Sedgwick's growing fame, invited her to London, and she made her debut at the Haymarket, in 1857, as *Pauline*, in the "Lady of Lyons." Her success was complete. The form and features of Miss Sedgwick are most agreeable, her form is symmetrical, above the average height, and slightly inclining to *embonpoint*. She has blue eyes, golden brown hair, delicately pencilled eyebrows, a smooth, lofty, broad forehead. In private life Miss Sedgwick attaches to herself many genuine friends.

LORD BROUGHAM
ON THE GLASGOW
MURDER CASE.—
The quarterly epistle



MISS AMY SEDGWICK.

of Lord Brougham, to the Earl of Radnor, published in the "Law Magazine," refers to various subjects of interest relating to the administration of the law; and in advocating the principle that accused persons should be allowed to offer themselves for examination, he alludes to the Sandford murder case, which has recently excited so much general interest. He characterises the agitation upon the subject as a scandal, and remarks that Jessie M'Lachlan would have desired to be examined, and that her sifted testimony would either have led to an acquittal or confirmed the verdict: in either case the public mind would have been satisfied. Lord Brougham considers that the objection urged against the proposed extension of the Evidence Act—that any party declining to be examined would be supposed to be guilty for that reason—would be entirely removed by the judge's explanation to the jury.

"STONEWALL"
JACKSON'S PRAYERS.—Mr. Slidell, the Southern commissioner was recently asked whether the accounts of the Southern hero's religious character were reliable. He replied that they were, and gave an illustration. The question had, he said, been put to the general's negro attendant, and his answer was, "Oh, yes! quite true. Massa pray in the mornin'; Massa pray in the evening; but when he gets up to pray in the night, then we may expect terrible things." The last clause was explained to mean that when pressed in mind by any special enterprise or peril, the general was wont to "get up and pray in the night."

Literature.

ORIGINAL TALES.

JOHN MANDRELL'S HOUSEKEEPER.
A STORY IN TWO PARTS.
CHAPTER III.

AN OLD STORY RE-TOLD.

YES, this placid, purring she-tigress was playing—had been playing for some time past the part of a mere midnight murderess, and all out of some harassing, baffled rage, hate, spite, wrong—who can say what?

"Why should I spare his child?" she muttered to herself, until her mind was wrought up to the horrible act. "What has he done with mine? Why should I spare her that stands in my way? Stop! Does she?—does she? I cannot reason—I cannot reason it out."

Nor could she. The woman had got into some cloud of moral defect. There had fallen on her better nature an eclipse under which she had struggled, and struggled in vain—in vain.

And in her calmer, cooler moments she blushed for herself, too, that she, a woman to whom the world was no unwritten or unread scroll—that she, I repeat, should have constituted herself the rival of a helpless girl, and had there stopped short.

Had stopped short, inasmuch as she had not sought to woo Philip Mandrell from her—had practised no woman's sorcery upon him—had met her, had parted from him with the same calm smile; but, nevertheless, all this time she was killing his little helpless dove.

Was the woman then mad, or criminal? If the regularity of every day duty bore testimony to sanity, she was sane as any woman under the sun; but as there are morbid conditions under which we all act, influenced in a greater or lesser degree according to the impressionable nature of the individual, and woman still more so, if her temperament be of a highly nervous order, so also must those startling paradoxes we so often

find in human nature be accounted for, and the dove becomes a vulture, the tiger a lamb, the gentlest nature fierce and tameless, the most tempestuous passions calmed by a look, and thus the transformations in the moral world are all elusive and not to be at any time thoroughly comprehended.

Some days after that midnight look we have cast into the lovely girl's death-chamber, as it assuredly seemed to be, and her state remained the same—insecure and precarious—while physician after physician having been called in had prescribed many things, but thanks to the utter lack of suspicion as regarded any one beneath that roof—thanks to the utter and complete confidence existing between the master and all his dependants, and with his housekeeper, first and last, not the remotest suspicion of the true fact existed.

They could as soon have dreamt of the impossible as have dreamt of that.

And we know, we believe we know, that the impossible is an abstract, "a chimera," which cannot be possibly defined.

It was a lowering autumnal afternoon, and John Mandrell sat in his chair in his usual nook by the open window of the library, turning vacantly over the leaves of a book.

His thoughts were with his child—hovering about the bedside of his fading darling; and he was thinking of the great wreck of the happiness they had all expected—the vast sorrow, the desolating bereavement a few days more might bring them.

A few days more, and all the house would echo with the sobbing of the mourners; a few days more, and the frail, fleeting girl—so angelic now in her fading life—would be passed away. "Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust," and the "mourners would go about the streets."

Philip Mandrell was alone with Rose. They were having their last solemn words together. She, propped up on her pillow, with one hand in his, with her other arm round his neck, and resting her beautiful head upon his shoulder,—she was exhorting him in loving words to call up his courage, to trust in heaven, to pray to "Our

Father" for support in a trying hour; and with hot, dry eyes, with a bursting heart, and a load of agony that was stifling him, he was listening to her words; listening to them—but whether he heard them, or comprehended their sense, it would be hard to say.

John Mandrell was sitting in the library with his book, as we have said.

At the next window, open also into the garden, where the sultry air hung stagnant, sat the housekeeper at some needlework.

As they sat, some little distance apart, they both faced each other.

This inscrutable, this unflinching woman saw the silent agony of the father. She knew the anguish, keen and poignant, that was eating like a canker into the very core of poor Phillip's heart up-stairs. She knew that the poor girl, too, at times, though rarely, suffered horrible pangs of pain.

Yet, knowing all this, her hands might have been steel, so steady and firm were they over that fine needlework with which she was now engaged.

There was little perceptible change in her outward appearance. She might have been worn by watching, she might have grown paler with long vigils, she might have caught a touch of sadness from beholding the great grief of all around her.

Certainly the balance of her nervous system was perfection.

As usual, she wore her lace veil, and now it was in one of its peculiar twists or folds, holding some consistence with the train of her cogitations.

Without, in the garden, the air was sultry and oppressive.

The trees were motionless, not a bough waved, not a leaf stirred.

Above, there hung a heavy bank of clouds—some of a deep coppery tint, some of a livid leaden hue—and others again, as a back-ground, gathered all the darkness of an eclipse, as if to give a lurid touch of grandeur to the scene.

Clearly a heavy thunderstorm was at hand.

John Mandrell closed his book, rose up, breathed a sigh—or rather, seemed to be stifled for want of air—and walked once or twice across the floor.

"This is suffocating, he murmured. "There is not a breath stirring."

"I think, sir, we shall have a storm very soon," said the housekeeper.

"I am afraid so—it will disturb my poor girl, I doubt not."

"It will be more in yonder direction," pointing forward; "while she lies, as you know, in the rear, and I do not think she will hear much of it."

"I hope not—I hope not!"

And with a fidgetting and restless manner, he began once more to walk across the floor—to and fro, to and fro—while the housekeeper proceeded with her work.

Irresolute, nervous, agitated, clearly wishing to say something, and not knowing what to say; or, perhaps, not knowing how to say it, he stalked across and across, and at last halting, he said:—

"Is it not very strange, Miss Pounceford, that the doctors can get at no clue of my darling's disease?"

"Something, even here, seemed to jar on the woman's jealous mind, for she gave a start, but it seemed a fretful one, and scarcely appeared to have the slightest sympathy with his distress.

"Has it not occurred to you," she asked, in a tone that was likely to startle a man less disposed to be startled than John Mandrell—"has it not occurred to you that there are other diseases than those which are simply bodily, but which react more formidably upon the physical system, because of their remote and ambiguous nature?"

"I do not quite understand you," he replied.

"People don't always die of bodily disease."

This the housekeeper asserted as though data and conclusion were not in any way to be questioned.

"Still," he said, "I don't understand you."

"You have heard of pining away?"

"Yes," answered John Mandrell; "and my poor Rose is pining away. But why—why?"

She, so healthy—so happy—so joyous!"

"You have heard of heart-break, too?"

"Yes," was the answer. "And I fear—I believe it, too." He gave a deep sigh, which made the woman look up into his face with a new expression. "I may have reason for it."

"In-deed!"

This seemed to say why or wherefore, but as neither were vouchsafed by the grave man who went to and fro—to and fro about the floor, the housekeeper went on.

"Do you think it possible that Miss Rose may be pining away—dying of heart-break—disappointed?"

"How—how? In heaven's name, how?"

"Do you think that she may not love Mr. Phillip?"

"What?"

He stood a frozen man before her.

"I only suppose the question."

"My God! if it be so—if it be so!" groaned the father. "But we will see!" and he resumed his walk about the room.

"Mrs. Pounceford!" he said, abruptly, after a pause—"I wish to ask you a question!"

"I am all attention, sir," was the answer.

"And yet it is not so much a question," he continued, walking restlessly, "as an explanation."

"Of what, sir?" This time Mrs. Pounceford looked up quickly and suspiciously from off her work.

"The meaning of some few words I heard."

"Some few words, Mr. Mandrell?"—and she smiled.

"I hope you are not going to test my learning?"

"Oh, dear, no—no! But it is you only who can explain them, that is clear."

"At present, however, I am quite in the dark," said the housekeeper.

"You once made use of a remarkable phrase, Mrs. Pounceford," continued her master.

"I, sir?"

"Yes; and as it is relevant to this matter, I should like your explanation of it."

"I do not recollect it,"—and the housekeeper cogitated.

"I do!" was the reply; "and this is the purport, if not the words:—*'That no man should trifle with the heart or the affections of a loving, trusting woman.'*" Do you recollect them?"

"Why, if I do, sir, there is nothing very material in them: they are merely conventional; they only express a truism—nothing more!"

"Possibly; but a conventionalism in a new form—a truism put in a manner more than usually prominent, and add a value to the words they might not otherwise carry."

"That is true; I did not think of that."

And she bent down her eyes to her work.

"Can you give me an illustration of what you then meant?" he added.

There was a pause, during which John Mandrell resumed his seat, and had precisely the air of a man prepared to listen, and to listen attentively.

"Why, I—think—I can give you a case in point," returned the housekeeper in a hesitating tone, but hesitating in a manner which indicated that she was recalling back to her memory the events occurring in days gone by, which are involved and interwoven in the details of her own narration to John Mandrell, as he sat in his easy chair, and as she sat by the window.

"I recollect," she began, "hearing of a story in point; the affair occurred within the last twenty years, and its particulars go to prove that 'no man should trifle'—as you have put it—with a trusting woman's heart.' I think that is the proposition?"

"That is so. Pray, proceed."

"In a provincial town of some importance—by the by, though, its name or locality is of no moment to my narrative—there lived an undergraduate from one of the principal colleges, who having married in early life, and who having been destined for the Church, found all his prospects obstructed and finally destroyed by a conjunction of circumstances, which are not necessary to enumerate or describe, but over which he could exercise no mastery; and at the threshold of manhood, with a wife and young child, gifted, enthusiastic, and in all respects a good and excellent man, he found respectable poverty, genteel starvation, meeting him face to face."

"The case with too many good and talented men, Mrs. Pounceford. Believe me, I know it."

She bowed her head in assent, and went on.

"He felt a pang of momentary dismay when this chilling fact stared him so fully, he was at least no coward, and sought for other forms of ennoblement, if only for the support and maintenance of those so helpless and so beloved that heaven had sent him, as hostages to that Fortune from whence he was to redeem them."

"He opened a school, I presume?"

"He did; but lacking capital, it failed. He had considerable taste in literature and the *belles lettres*, and thus obtained some employment amongst the London publishers, which, while it was a valuable adjunct, was not sufficient. Finally, being an accomplished scholar, he decided upon turning his acquirements to use, and advertised for scholars, readers, young men preparing for their examination, and so forth."

"Yes, yes, I understand," was the impatient rejoinder. "I have come through that course; I knew such an individual."

"Indeed, sir!" she said.

"Well?"

"He issued private circulars, wrote to his old tutor at college, to his old chums, companions, and old friends; and so by dint of persevering exertions, did at last contrive to get a connexion around him, and by hard work the hard world was no quite so unendurable."

"All men have found it so."

"It must be understood that some sixteen years of this 'grinding' life had gone on—that the weary man had grown older—that his child-girl had grown into a beautiful woman of well-nigh seventeen—and that she was liable to all the attacks which the fertile and inventive tongue of scandal could attach, through envy and jealousy, to her name."

"As how?"

"Mr. Mandrell poised his chin on his hand thoughtfully."

"Young men of title and good family lodged at her father's house during the time of their

stay. She must immediately be accused of coquetry—of light and loose conduct—of laying herself out to be admired—of—Ah, sir, can you not guess that—that?"

"Yes, yes!" he sadly said. "Yes, I can guess, poor girl!"

"Well, sir, they were not all wrong."

"What?"

He gave now a start almost of affright.

"Listen!" The housekeeper kept her calm, equable tone hitherto. "Listen, sir! There came to her father's house one the life of whom she had never seen before. He was very handsome and very brave. He was patient and gentle as a woman—as a woman is said to be," added the housekeeper, hastily correcting herself, and then pursuing her narrative more deliberately.

"It matters little to enter into the details of what succeeded. They loved—they were beloved; each so beloved, the one by the other. He was rich, generous, but she believed he was good. She believes somehow to this hour, so I have heard, that he is good. It's the old story. They plighted troths—she loved him, yielded, and then came shame, ruin, what not—trust betrayed!"

"And no man should trifle with a trusting woman's heart."

John Mandrell was murmuring this refrain between his lips.

"That is my illustration of the text you quote, Mr. Mandrell," added the housekeeper.

"Yes, yes," he said, absently; "I hear—I listen—I—In fact, I once knew a case analogous to this. But, by the way, why did this youth, so good at first, turn out so worthless and base at last?"

"Who knows, Mr. Mandrell—who knows?"

"What was the name of this girl?"

This question was put with a fierce energy, as if a man were indirectly accused of that which he could not bear, but which he could clear himself of in a moment.

"Anne Fawn."

The tones that mentioned the name were never those of the housekeeper, surely.

"And you—that voice—for I know it now," cried John Mandrell; "who are you?"

"I am Anne Fawn."

She rose this time, flung that mysterious lace veil off, advanced, and stood before him.

The man fell on his knees, his hands clasped together, his manly voice drowned in broken sobs.

"Thank God! thank God! You have been tending your own child till this time!"

"What?"

The woman's voice was a scream.

"With the affection and care a mother could scarcely have shown."

"What one you mean?"

"Rose, the dying darling in your child and mine!" sobbed out the man, at her feet.

"What? Stop! Miss—Rose my child? Ha! ha! ha! The mother kill her own child! Oh, God! oh, God! My child—my—Ha! ha! ha! No pot—to—Ha! ha! ha! Oh, great Father! Ha! ha! ha!"

With a burst of mad laughter, she whirled from before the startled man, making for the door of the library, when, overwhelmed with the revelation shown her, and her volcanic heart burning out, she fell at his feet as dead for the moment as the clod which the ditcher flings forth out of his spade.

CHAPTER IV.

"FIAT JUSTITIA; OR, THE WRONG RIGHTED."

By this, the storm without had broken forth. The heavy rain fell in torrents. The thunder rolled, and the heavy copper clouds now mingling with their Egyptian kindred, having grown "black as night and terrible as hell," vomited forth their forked flashing fires, and filled the canopy with fitful fires and thunderous diapasons.

The elemental war—to use a picturesque phrase not uncommon—was almost, not quite, at its culmination.

John Mandrell—with twenty years of his life rolled back from off him, as one rolls back the stone of a sepulchre to get at one's beloved, who "though dead, yet sleepeth"—knelt at her side, and with fond words and passionate prayer sought to restore her to animation.

He caressed her—she whom he had so dearly loved in his youthful years—she for whom he would have died—she to whom he meditated no wrong that he could not have righted had he been allowed the chance—she whom he had lost for twenty years—there she lay, for what he knew, dying before him.

How they had been parted—how they had been lost to each other for so long—belongs to the history of scores of families in life and in the land. It's the "old story," I repeat, and it needs no further entering into.

He had placed her on a couch—had got a vinaigrette—had attempted all the means that a man unaccustomed to "this sort of thing" is capable of falling back upon.

Finally, leaving her to herself, she recovered.

She was herself in a moment.

"My child!—mine, John Mandrell?" she said.

"Ay, Annie, yours!"

"Oh, that name—that name recalls me to myself again! Rose!—oh, accursed mother! Where was your instinct? Where was the mother you had slain and hidden? John!—John!"

"My dear Anne!" he said, carelessly.

"Oh, heavens, call me my name again!"

"Anne Fawn, my own, old darling!—my first and my last love!"

She sank this time sobbing at his knee, kissed his hand, sprang to her feet again, and said, "Be comforted—Rose will be saved."

"What say you?" And, as she stood confronting him, with her wild dark hair adrift amongst the snowy folds of her weird veil, he recognised the old beloved face—hitherto, defective in sight, it was only the face of yesterday, so new to him, and now so well known, and fair and lovely as ever.

But it was torn, as it were, with a wordless amount of terror. A shuddering fear seemed to

have possessed her; for if he heard, he did not know the meaning which lay hidden under her frantic words.

"Hush!" he said—"be quiet, my darling!"—and he sought to soothe her in her evident agony.

"Hush! and our darling above!" he said.

"Our darling! And, oh me!"

The words were groaned, rather than spoken. She said, "Wait, wait! Speak to none—seek none! Wait till I return!"

She was out ere he could stay her.

She left him, startled yet stupefied, alarmed yet half comforted; for though lost, yet found, still gave him hope.

Through the tempest—through the wild raging storm—through the mud, and the mire, and the lightning, she sped on till she came to the gate of the house where John Mandrell's doctor lived.

A man clever and competent in most common disorders, but who had been as much or more baffled by Rose Mandrell's case as any other M.D. more renowned.

Doctor Comfort had, in fact, paid a more careful and assiduous attention to his "patient's" case than any other professional man that had been called in; since old friendship, old association, old habits of assimilation, and the like, had made Doctor Comfort to John Mandrell the same indispensable creature that Doctor Slop was to Tristram Shandy.

The housekeeper burst in upon him like a tempest, bearing the tempest with her.

She was drenched, haggard, wild—wild, but with a "method in her madness" that quieted the startled man in a moment.

In ten minutes she had told him the whole story—her own secret—her own dreadful guilt—the poison she had given—and named the antidotes he was to give, and lose no time about.

He looked bewildered; but the woman's energy soon brought him to his own collected self again.

"You know all," she said—"my motive, my misery, my error as well as my crime! It is not too late to repair all. Oh, heaven! heaven!—but adjuration is useless! Stir, man, stir—don't hesitate, or reason on a matter of life or death."

"I am ready—but still—"

"Stay; one or two words more."

She paused—gasped, as if her throat were parched; he handed her considerately a glass of water, and she spoke with feverish rapidity.

"You may, as a conscientious man, say, 'This woman is a poisoner, a murderer, in intent!' True, alas!—oh, too true! But she is his child, as she is mine; and I have been wronged—or I believed I had been wronged; and it would serve no earthly purpose—fit no end of human justice—which is not always divine, to reveal what I have revealed to you. I do not say don't. Argue that out with your own conscience as your own dictates to you. I am here to present no bar, to put no conditions as to myself. Save my child—save his. I tell you *how*—now act, and lose no time about it."

The doctor was a man of few words when matters of life and death were the question, and had in the interim his brougham ready—his medicines, tonics, antidotes, what not, prepared—and presently they were on their way back to John Mandrell's house; and while the housekeeper sought the privacy of her own chamber for the present, the doctor knew all that he had to undo—went about his work with a cool and collected mehod, and the result was so far of a satisfactory nature.

Once more had the unhappy mother—with the good doctor's full sanction—taken her post by her own daughter's bed; but, oh! with what different feelings—with what other thoughts than before!

With what uplifted trembling hand, and deep heartfelt prayers, an undying remorse, a newly awakened tenderness that felt a sense of terror so great as checked the maternal sentiment, springing and welling to the surface—as if in her it were a sin to indulge in it; but with all these contraries of sentiment, she was watchful, ever watchful, and sleepless almost night and day, as though she were expiating the past by a penance so rigorous that it taxed the last resources of nature.

It is almost needless to say, that knowing now what he did know, the skill of the doctor soon went beyond the first ravages which the accursed "juice of hebenon" had made upon the system; and having overtaken the mischief, soon went ahead of it, and Rosa began to pick up health and strength daily.

The intercourse between John Mandrell and his housekeeper changed day by day imperceptibly. They had exchanged their confidences—the story of the past, and their explanation, placed them in the right light the one to the other. He had lost her—she had lost him; but as she still knew where to find him subsequently, she did him so far an injury in not seeking him out, and putting his honour and manhood so far on its trial as to find out whether he was worthy or worthless. Not having done this, she classed him with the rest, and placed him in the category of the "men" that "are deceivers ever."

John Mandrell's conduct towards her became, as we have said—though by degrees—totally changed. He had always treated her as a gentleman treats a woman who has known what it is to have lived as a lady, with deference and respect although she may be his dependant.

Now, with the same deference and respect was mingled an amount of tenderness and of a re-awakened feeling which it is impossible to define clearly by words.

He felt that there was a "wrong to be righted;" but he stood in an equivocal position, and so, very naturally, Rose would share in it. Rose believed herself to be the daughter of his late father; but to be made to believe that she was the child of an unwedded mother, would be a shock to her pure and unsullied nature.

Meantime, the paramount consideration was the returning health and strength of Rose.

She was able to leave her bed, soon to quit her bed-chamber; and soon, again, leaning upon the arm of Phillip, to walk about the odorous garden

and bask in the cool shades, so grateful in the golden prime of autumn.

Dr. Comfort was a philosopher, a man of the world, and once having got hold of the true diagnosis of a disease—the great secret of the healing art—his professional skill was unrivalled.

Like the father confessor of the Catholic Church, the medical attendant holds the gravest family secrets within his own breast.

It is scarcely possible to rightly estimate the great moral power he wields. It is impossible to over-rate the social value of a thoroughly conscientious man of this class.

He is master of those secrets and details on which the peace and happiness of a whole family depend; the revealing of which might often be attended with the most painful results, the most disastrous consequences, where they do not even end in catastrophes that do not stop short of tragedy!

It was on some such grounds as these—the inability of explaining all he knew to John Mandrell himself—who, though principally concerned in the matter, would never, did he know the truth, enjoy another hour of happiness.

He was perfectly aware that while her conduct would be pronounced criminal in a court of justice, and that nothing that could be said would be accepted as a palliation—looking at it from another stand-point, it was a perversion of nature, a temporary obliquity—indicating a mind having morbid tendency, the fostering of a fatal error, which, when once detected, she came back to the right path, and out of which she was never likely to stray.

Consequently, like more than one or two dread family secrets, he consigned it within the profound depths of his own mind, never to be looked at or spoken of more.

How could the "doings of justice," as it might be called, advantage the young girl now fast recovering her health again, and with it her lost bloom and her beauty? How could it advantage her to know that her own mother was within an ace of becoming a murderess, and that she (Rose, her daughter) was her selected victim?

Besides, indirectly, too, John Mandrell was, or would have been, a perpetrator of the crime. She was his victim as truly as if he had deliberately set about the task of seduction and accomplished it—as if he had gone about the devil's work with the cynicism of a debauchee (which he hadn't), although he meant to have dealt honourably by her, and made her his wedded wife in sight of earth and heaven.

A reason more that Doctor Comfort should keep his own counsel, but as he had decided beforehand to do so, he sought for no more reasons. They were not required.

It is scarcely necessary here to enter into the particulars which caused the parting of the young people. His family bore him far a way for a time. Shame and fear made her fly from her home. She never got his letters, and though she set inquiries on foot, and advertised and hunted far and wide, years rolled by, and only when as Mrs. Pounceford she had become married in the interim, she became an inmate under his roof.

It should be told, however, in what way he managed to obtain possession of Rose.

When it was said that all correspondence was broken off between them, owing to a variety of circumstances easy enough to be understood, there was one brief communication which John Mandrell received when he traced out the place where his baby-girl was born, and whence Anne Fawn had fled in a half crazed state, believing ever after that her child had died.

The scrap was brief enough:—

"If you have forgotten the mother, do not forget her child."

And that was all—all!

And that was more even than in after time Anne Fawn (then Mrs. Pounceford) could ever realize or recollect.

To refine upon explanations is not only to interrupt the course of the story, but which also serves in some degree to embarrass the author himself, who by seeking to prove enough some times proves too much, and consequently destroys the interest he seeks to create."

We have already seen that there was a difficulty in placing in a proper relative position the three first persons of our story—John Mandrell, the housekeeper, and Rose. How was this to be arranged?

Was it, after all, necessary that Rose should know anything of her antecedents?

Would she love Mrs. Pounceford better as her mother, or would the revelation shock her?

Would the housekeeper love her daughter more or less supposing all was known?

Some of these questions were difficult of solution, and between Doctor Comfort and John Mandrell not a few discussions took place.

But Rose in a few days would live under another roof—that of her husband, Philip Mandrell.

"Look here," said the doctor. "Let Rose remain in the state of blissful happy ignorance in which she exists at present. You owe this woman a reparation for every reason in the world, and you love her?"

"Very dearly!"

"Then marry her; and let the same day serve for both the weddings. I augur a very happy future to come from all that has past."

So said, so done.

It the housekeeper (for reasons of her own) had any scruples upon the matter, as she may have had, they were overruled by reasonings equally valid. Besides, Doctor Comfort insisted that his secret would be easier in his breast; and the doctor succeeded in having the best of the argument.

Phillip and his wife lived very near to the old house of John Mandrell and his wife; and the late Mrs. Pounceford had no reason to regret the hour when she became John Mandrell's housekeeper.

THE END.

Fort and Wisdom.

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